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HOLDING THE RECORD

COMMENT OF THE DAY

THE TORIES

POLITICAL party conferences are apt, in Britain anyway, to seem like mutual admiration societies. The leaders receive their due ration of adulation, the converted are preached at, and resolutions have a habit of being rhetorical and unanimous.

This, if anything, applies more to the Conservatives than to the Socialists. For the former, if they possess any dirty linen, are even less inclined than the Socialists to wash it in public.

But this year the atmosphere has changed. There is a note of querulousness, even downright criticism, in the resolutions of some of the Conservative constituency associations, than whom none is stancher.

South Bedfordshire, for instance, has tabled a motion expressing their "great disappointment and concern at the Government's failure to reduce or even arrest the continued rise in living costs."

Another constituency is "alarmed." Another acknowledges that Conservative loyalty is being sorely tested. Others want bold action to "regain the confidence of the party." And so they go on.

TURBULENT

IN the context of British conservatism this has something of the effect of a curate rounding off a blabber and telling him ought to smarten up his diocesan administration. With one big difference. The Conservative leaders cannot tell their rank and file to go jump in the lake.

And word-spinning is not going to pacify these turbulent Tories. What, in brief, they want is for the Conservative party to take a strong Conservative line, to clamp down on inflation, no matter how the unions may threaten, and to give middle-class Britons a fairer crack of the whip than they have had since the end of the war.

The party leaders cannot ignore the call. The reaction of their political opponents, when, and if, they act on it, should be worth being around to see.

2,000 Students Locked In Hall: Surprise Police Move NEW RIOTING BREAKS OUT

Polish Capital Scene Of Sharp Fighting

Warsaw, Oct. 4.
New clashes broke out in Warsaw tonight between the police and Polish students, protesting against the suspension of the student weekly "Poprostu".

The students, who clashed with the police last night, gathered about 2,000 strong in the hall of the Polytechnic College tonight for further demonstrations.

A crowd of about 2,000, most of them students and other youths, milled outside the building when helmeted militiamen suddenly drove up and dispersed them with clubs.

The militiamen cleared the front of the building and cordoned off the adjacent streets in less than 15 minutes while another 60-man contingent took over the school and locked the 2,000 demonstrators inside.

Lights Out

About 30 militiamen stood guard outside the college and lights were extinguished in the conference room where the demonstrations were to be held. Some 4,000 students then massed in front of the building which houses the Communist Party Central Committee and shouted "Release our comrades."

Other students attempted to rally the crowd with shouts of "To the newspaper office." The paper was suspended by the decision of the Central Committee.

Stubborn As A Mule

London, Oct. 4.
A donkey made a jackass of himself on the stage of the Scala Theatre here last night. The donkey appeared in a scene of "The Desert Song" performed by the City of Westminster Operatic Society. When the time came for him to exit, he refused his cue. He wouldn't get off the stage. The cast gathered round, coaxed him with carols, whipped him, pushed, sweated and cursed silently. Finally, the donkey walked off into the wings to loud cheers from the audience.—United Press.

Beaten Back

Communications were interrupted briefly but soon resumed. Bus and streetcar traffic was normal despite big crowds which massed at the busy downtown intersection of Nowy Swiat and Jerozolimski streets.

Successive waves of demonstrators appeared in the streets adjacent to the Communist headquarters and were beaten back by workers' militia and police, who arrested many of them.

Students and other youths, several of whom were clubbed to the pavement by the police, shouted "S.S." and "Cestape" while other demonstrators hurled stones.

Communications near the party headquarters were interrupted intermittently and some police struck at hecklers inside street cars.

MP's Appeal

Some students said their comrades in the college had held a meeting at which a Polish parliament member appealed to them to avoid further demonstrations. Explosions, probably from fireworks, were heard in streets adjacent to the party headquarters.—France-Press.

Later the secretary of the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party said in a communique tonight that the closing down of the students' newspaper, Poprostu, was final and could not be reconsidered.

World's Biggest Omelette

Bordeaux, Oct. 4.
The town of Saint Bathemery Dagenais, near Bordeaux, was wondrous today what to do with the "world's biggest omelette" made involuntarily with 18,000 dozen eggs. A fire broke out at a frozen storage plant containing the eggs yesterday, and demolished it.

The "omelette" and other damages were estimated at about 7 million francs (\$20,000).—France-Press.

Dramatic Moscow Flash... RUSSIA LAUNCHES ITS EARTH SATELLITE

By HENRY SHAPIRO

Moscow, Oct. 4.

Russia announced it launched the first earth satellite today. It is now circling the earth at an altitude of 562 miles and its tiny radio transmitter is sending signals to ground stations, the announcement said.

At dawn the 22-inch diameter satellite will be visible to watchers using only binoculars or small telescopes, the announcement said.

A midnight dispatch from the official Tass news agency broke the news of the momentous scientific achievement. The dispatch did not disclose the launching site.

Radio Moscow immediately beamed the news of the launching around the world so that scientists, radio amateurs and International Geophysical Year experts could track the tiny sphere.

ITS WEIGHT

The radio said the satellite "is in the form of a sphere 23 inches in diameter, weighs 180 lbs and carries a radio transmitter."

In Washington, officials speculated that the Russians

duration with a pause of the same duration. The signals of one frequency are sent during the pauses in the signals of the other frequency.

"Calculations have shown that owing to the tremendous velocity of the satellite at the end of its existence it will burn up on reaching the denser layers of the atmosphere," Moscow Radio said.—United Press.

"I FEEL FINE..."

QUIN'S MOTHER SIPS CHAMPAGNE

Toulon, Oct. 4.

Mme Laurence Christoffe today sipped champagne in bed 48 hours after giving birth to quintuplets, two of whom survived, and remarked: "I would have preferred a different kind of fame."

Mme. Christoffe, with her husband, Camille, and her mother at her side, received an AFP correspondent at the Saint Michel clinic this afternoon, commenting, "When one becomes famous, I guess one has to cope with the obligations this brings."

Of her own health, the mother said: "I feel fine and I will take my first steps since the confinement, today. I hope to leave the hospital in eight days."

VERY PLEASED

Mme Christoffe said she was very pleased to hear that the babies were being successfully fed today for the first time. But she added that she did not want to be overly optimistic.

She said she was quite aware of the slim chances for survival of the infants: "Before being sure, we will have to wait two weeks. However, I am not giving up hope either, because it would be devastating if so much effort was made for nothing."

Mme. Christoffe, herself ate a hearty luncheon, including vegetable soup, a grilled steak

with boiled potatoes and butter but no salt, and baked apples. And she took little sips from a bottle of champagne at her bedside.

HER PRAYER

Earlier today she prayed that her two remaining children would survive. "I only ask one thing from heaven, that I can keep my two little ones, Roland and Michele," she told reporters.

Doctors have told her there is only a faint hope that the tiny boy and a girl would pull through. Doctors at Toulon's Foch Hospital are keeping constant watch over the incubators where Roland and Michele—the two smallest of the quintuplets—were still struggling for life today.—France-Press and United Press.

Djilas Trial Ends

Belgrade, Oct. 4.
The trial of Milovan Djilas ended tonight and it was announced verdict will be pronounced tomorrow.—United Press.

New Species Of Cat

Paris, Oct. 4.
A newly created cat species, bred in Britain, the "Havana" was displayed for the first time on the Continent today at the opening of the International Cat Show of Paris. Two chocolate-colored short-haired "Havanas," Elmtower Dusk and Elmtower But-brown Maid, developed by Miss Houro Smith of London from Siamese strains, were the novelty of the show. American, British, Swiss, Italian, Belgian, and other foreign cats will compete against French champions in the judging tomorrow for a score of prizes. Among the feline species are Siamese, Persians, Abyssinians and Burmese.—France-Press.

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapier"	RACE 1	By "The Turf"	RACE 1
Matador	Advancement	Oat	Advancement
Marine Charger	Outside: Applause.	Pearl of Hongkong	Outside: Sabrina.
Blue Train	RACE 2	Infahan	RACE 2
Infahan	Temptation.	Temptation	Outside: Blue Train.
Flying Eagle	RACE 3	Golden Nugget	RACE 3
Outside: Temptation.	Golden Nugget	Peach Blossom	Outside: Sea Raider.
Mayfair	RACE 4	Madam Fortune	RACE 4
Outside: Vendetta.	Madam Fortune	Tiger Shark	Outside: Angela.
Opportunity	RACE 5	Night People	RACE 5
Outside: Iron Wing.	Night People	Jingle Bell	Outside: Snow-Damsel.
RACE 6	Snow-Damsel	Red Light	RACE 6
Alondale	RACE 6	Alondale	Outside: Seacat.
Welcome	RACE 7	Ngan Loong	RACE 7
Ngan Loong	Outside: Welcome.	Queen's Parchment	RACE 8
RACE 8	Queen's Parchment	Belinda	Outside: Oscar Prize.
Belinda	RACE 9	Rose	RACE 9
Outside: Old Tyre.	Rose	Tara	Outside: Curtains Call.
RACE 10	Tara	As You Like It	RACE 10
Gambetta	Outside: Straight Runner.	Gambetta	Outside: Ding Dong.
Ding Dong	RACE 10	Milky Way	Outside: Curtains Call.
Wing Hang	Wing Hang	Wing Hang	Outside: Curtains Call.
Reynard	Outside: Curtains Call.	Reynard	Outside: Curtains Call.
Hyldmon	After Dark	Hyldmon	After Dark
After Dark	Princess Ellen	Princess Ellen	Outside: Princess Ellen.
Princess Ellen	Outside: Princess Ellen.	Princess Ellen	Outside: Princess Ellen.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

for the 6th race
This one should be gone with the wind.

"FRENCH ATTACK LIBYAN VILLAGE"

Benghazi, Oct. 4.
French forces attacked and destroyed a Libyan Army unit stationed in the area counter-attacked and engaged in battle with French infantry and armoured cars. The village of Yasin in the Fezzan area was hit by air and land attacks, the sources said. It was not immediately known how many persons were injured or killed. According to the report, a Libyan Army unit stationed in the area counter-attacked and engaged in battle with French infantry and armoured cars. French units occupied the village and at last reports still were in control.—United Press.

S.E.C.
For a short period, commencing October 7th, our Showroom premises in the Alexandra House Arcade will be devoted entirely to the display of
EXHIBITION
a small representation selection of equipment from our light industrial range. All members of the public are most cordially invited to visit our showrooms over this period.
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KING'S PRINCESS TO-DAY

JOHN GREGSON
BELINDA LEE
CYRIL CUSACK



Written and produced by EMERIC PRESSBURGER Directed by JULIAN ARNOLD EASTMAN COLOUR

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S at 11.00 a.m. || PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
M-G-M presents
"Tom & Jerry" Technicolor Cartoons
At Reduced Prices

PRINCESS SPECIAL MATINEE

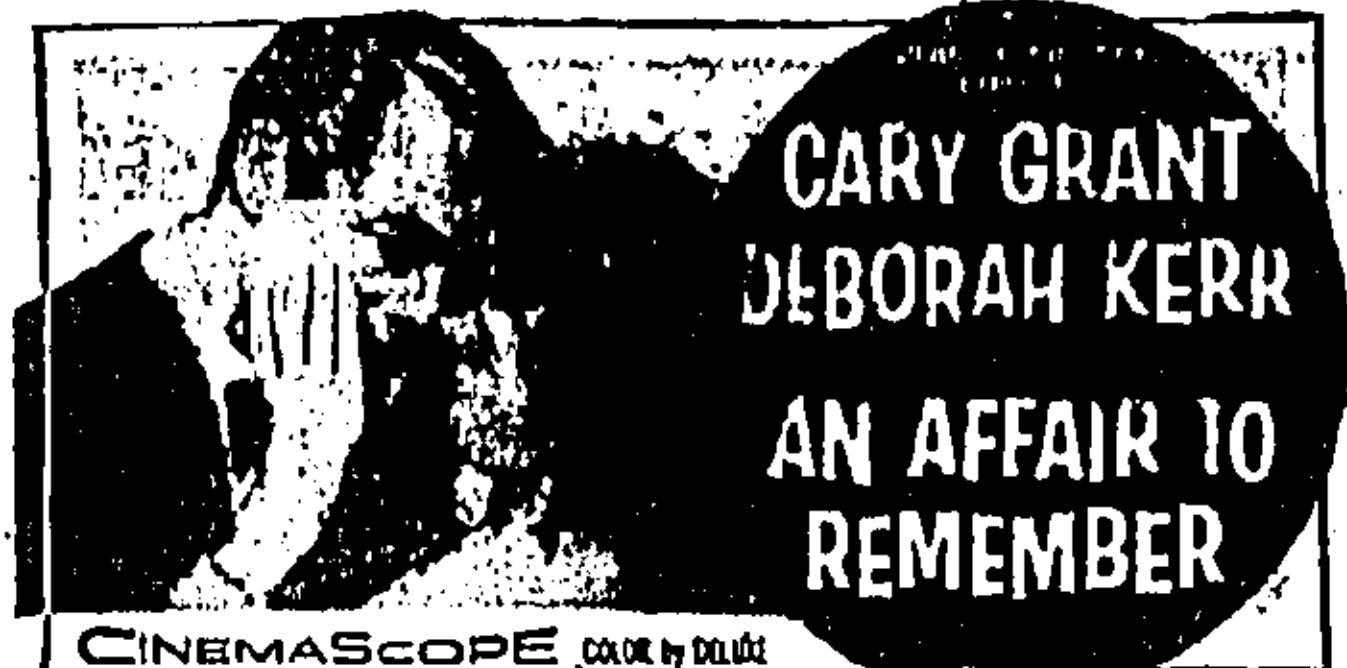
Warner Bros. present
Henry Fonda • James Cagney • William Powell
in "MISTER ROBERTS"
in Cinemascope & Warnercolor
At Reduced Prices

KING'S SPECIAL MATINEE

The Newest Theme With A Novel Story From India
A Bold Answer to People Who Don't Believe in Re-incarnation
"MEENAR"
Starring: Bina Rai (Aurat Girl) Bharat Bhosani Pran, Soila Ramani
Admission: \$3.50, \$2.40, \$1.50

ROXY BROADWAY

3rd SENSATIONAL WEEK!
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Please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 & 9.45 P.M.
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TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon || BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.
20th Century-Fox presents in Cinemascope & Color
"THE RAINS OF RANCHIPUR"
Starring: Lana TURNER • Richard BURTON
At Reduced Prices
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m.
FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices
★ NEXT CHANGE ★



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WATCH FOR THE GRAND OPENING DATE!

FILMS CURRENT & COMING by ANTHONY FULLER

Miracle in Soho:
"Miracle in Soho" the J. Arthur Rank film now showing at the King's and Princess is one of Pinewood's prestige pictures. Rank's tell me the film is 8,862 feet in length, and I tell them there is disappointment in every inch of it. Perhaps I expected too much, but then I feel I had every right so to do.

Look at the title. Miracle! And what do I find? A second-hand shot from Hollywood which originated in "The Bells of St Mary's".

Soho! There's magic in the word for one who really knows Soho. Chorus girls and War Cry sellers; poets and pimps; bullet-shoes and coshes; lemonade and reefs; chatecaes and dope; a place as cosmopolitan as the universe; and unless you know it, as dull as ditchwater.

Mr Pressburger wrote the script and produced the picture. The only comment I will permit myself on that, is the title is magnificent; it promises everything.

The second thing is, it is produced in colour. Why? Soho, in spite of its name is no sun-drenched Latin quarter. But for those who really know it, it has more romance than a dozen places with equally exciting names.

What's it all about? A little Italian girl falls in love with road-drill wielding Casanova. She prays St Anthony to work a miracle to send him back to St Anthony's office by bursting a water main, thus necessitating the road-mender's attention.

Only the superb acting of John Gregson as the heart and asphalt breaker saves this trite stuff from deteriorating into an hour and a half of tedium. It is so out of character. Gregson would collect more thick ears than hearts in Soho with his great lower line.

Another great performance is that of Cyril Cusack, a noisy old postman by profession, and a Salvation Army soul-winner by conviction. What Pressburger is getting at here I don't know. Nothing of artistic or dramatic merit is achieved by this bit of casting except Cusack could play a deaf and dumb man, and still make the part eloquent.

A third mention is Wilfrid Lawson. He plays his part

and speaks his lines in just the same manner as he did when he stopped Pygmalion with his powerful interpretation of Doolittle, the amoral dustman.

The second scene I wish to mention is the invocation of St Anthony. The shot is again stolen right from Hollywood, lines of candles as well, plus the lips moving silently in prayer.

Now naturally, I wish I could say of every British picture that it is great, superb, exquisite, in other words exhaust all my superlatives. I cannot of this.

Hongkong?

Flight to Hongkong:
How much of this Hongkong you recognise depends entirely upon the kind of life you lead, I suppose. "Flight to Hongkong" now showing at the Star and Metropole is a vicious bit of violence featuring Hongkong as one of the sin-capitals of the world. What that adds up to I don't know.

You can't criticise a film of this type simply because it doesn't call for any analysis of the qualities that make a work of art. For instance, it is a pulp magazine type of story. You don't criticise it, you just say "pulp" and immediately people know what you mean. Unfortunately, we have no word in the film vocabulary to connote such qualities. I gather that you either like or dislike this kind of film.

Rory Calhoun is a member of an international diamond smuggling syndicate, and he is based on Hongkong. That gives you local interest. You'll see the Jockey Club, you'll see the "below May Road" bend just below May Road. You can have a look at the Ferry, and one or two other shots. For residents, the over Orientalisation of the scenes will call for considerable criticism. I pointed it out myself but was informed that this is necessary for universal distribution, otherwise those who know not Hongkong refuse to accept the Orient as a city as well built and as well run as a Western city.

Synonym

If I were a city father, I should certainly ask the next film company that arrives here to make a film without dope or smuggling for its theme. I can assure you that Hongkong is becoming a synonym for these two things.

You remember Miss Judy Dan, no doubt. She was Miss

Hongkong 1953. She has a small part in this film as an air hostess.

Dual Purpose

A Face in The Crowd:
"A Face in The Crowd" also presents me with difficulties. I do not wish to point out what is obvious, at the same time I cannot allow the importance of such a picture to pass without comment.

Permit me to point out that many works of art serve a dual purpose. A book, for instance, can both tell a good story and at the same time make a significant social comment.

Now "A Face in The Crowd" comes from the pen of that extremely clever American writer, Budd Schulberg, and I can think of nothing that Schulberg has written that has not censured some aspect of the American way of life. I had better add that while America is his locale, his application is universal for he deals with human nature.

What he is getting at here is the mob hysteria which overnight makes or breaks a man. The medium in this case is television. Schulberg is saying, "You, the people, with your stupid idolizing of your stars who shoot through the sky for a brief moment, are fools."

Now none knows more about screaming hysteria fans than does Budd Schulberg, for his childhood was spent in the Kingdom of Ballyhoo, Hollywood. None knows better than he the value of good publicity which passes these days for genius.

Documentary

In the hands of Ella Kazan, this story becomes a dramatic story or a social documentary.

In "A Face in The Crowd" now showing at the Queen's and Alhambra, Andy Griffith plays a tramp who is discovered for TV by Pat Neal. Only once in my life have I seen a film star played into keep by a pack of fans, and to this day I cannot understand what uncanny power possesses such people to send them clanking and clanking at a person who up to that moment has existed merely as a celluloid ghost.

This film brings out such scenes with terrifying reality. But best of all, it evaluates the properties of such ephemeral glory. How hard they fall when they come toppling down.

It only remains to be said that Kazan casts gives this film a realism. I don't pretend that it is everyone's film, but those who concern themselves with social problems will find it an important picture.

New Films At A Glance SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS:
"Miracle in Soho". A colorful incident in London's Latin Quarter. John Gregson, Belinda Lee, and Cyril Cusack.
QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA:
"A Face in The Crowd". Budd Schulberg's best seller telling of the rise of a down-and-out to brief fame via television. Andy Griffith and Patricia Neal.
HOOPER & LIBERTY:
"The Little Hut". Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, and David Niven, continue to delight audiences with this naughty comedy.
STAR & METROPOLE:
"Flight to Hongkong". A vice racket with a branch in Hongkong. Rory Calhoun, Barbara Rush, and Dolores Donlon.

ROXY & BROADWAY:
"An Affair to Remember". Now playing in its third week. Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr.

KING'S & PRINCESS:
"Beat James". A story of the Roaring Twenties when Jimmy Walker was Mayor of New York. Bob Hope, Vera Miles, and Paul Douglas.
QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA:
"The Beach". Martino Carol in her latest role, keeping the 'sea wolves' at bay.
HOOPER & LIBERTY:
"This Could Be The Night". A poor but pretty school teacher mixed up with gangsters. Jean Simmons, Paul Douglas, and Anthony Franciosa.

STAR & METROPOLE:
"Battle Hymn". The true story of Col. Dean Hess, a clergyman who turned fighter pilot. Rock Hudson, Martha Hyer, and Dan Duryea.
ROXY & BROADWAY:
"Manuela". Ivan Foxwell's powerful production. A British film that is a winner all the way. Trevor Howard as a tough sea going captain with Elsa Martinelli.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

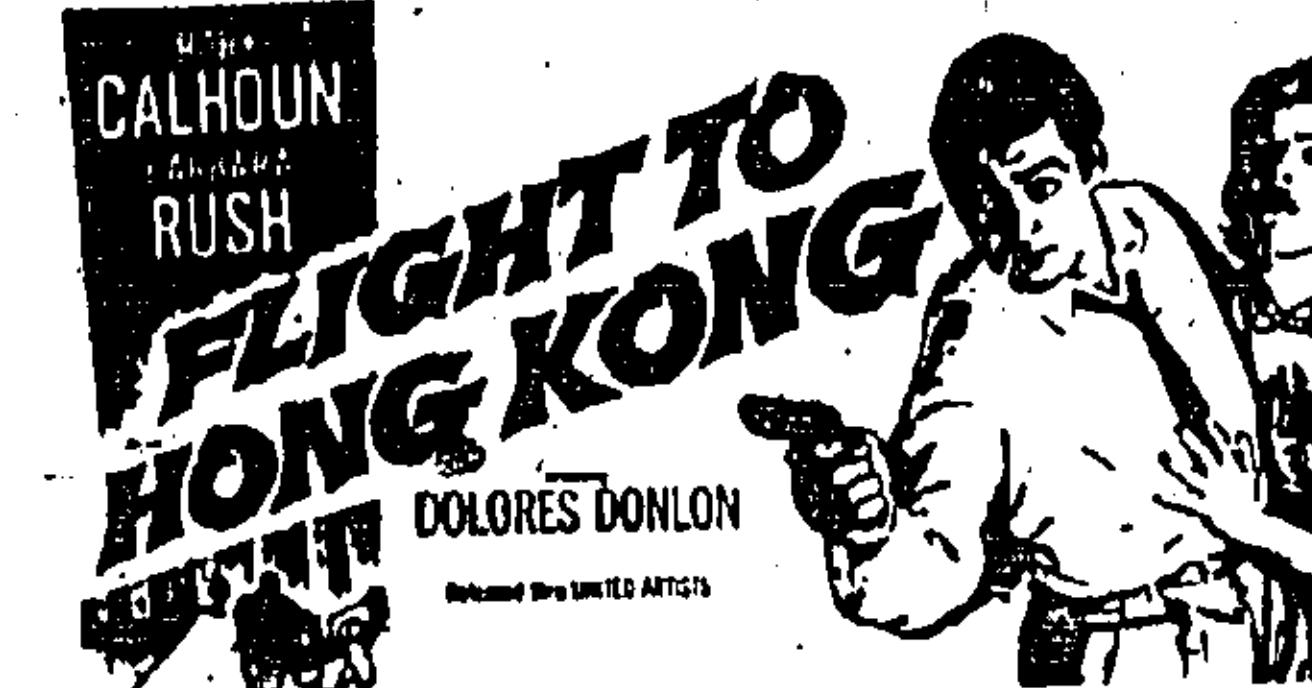
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QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA
At 11.30 a.m. At 11.00 a.m.
Clark Gable • Susan Hayward Walter Brooke • Eric Fleming
in "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE" in "CONQUEST OF SPACE"
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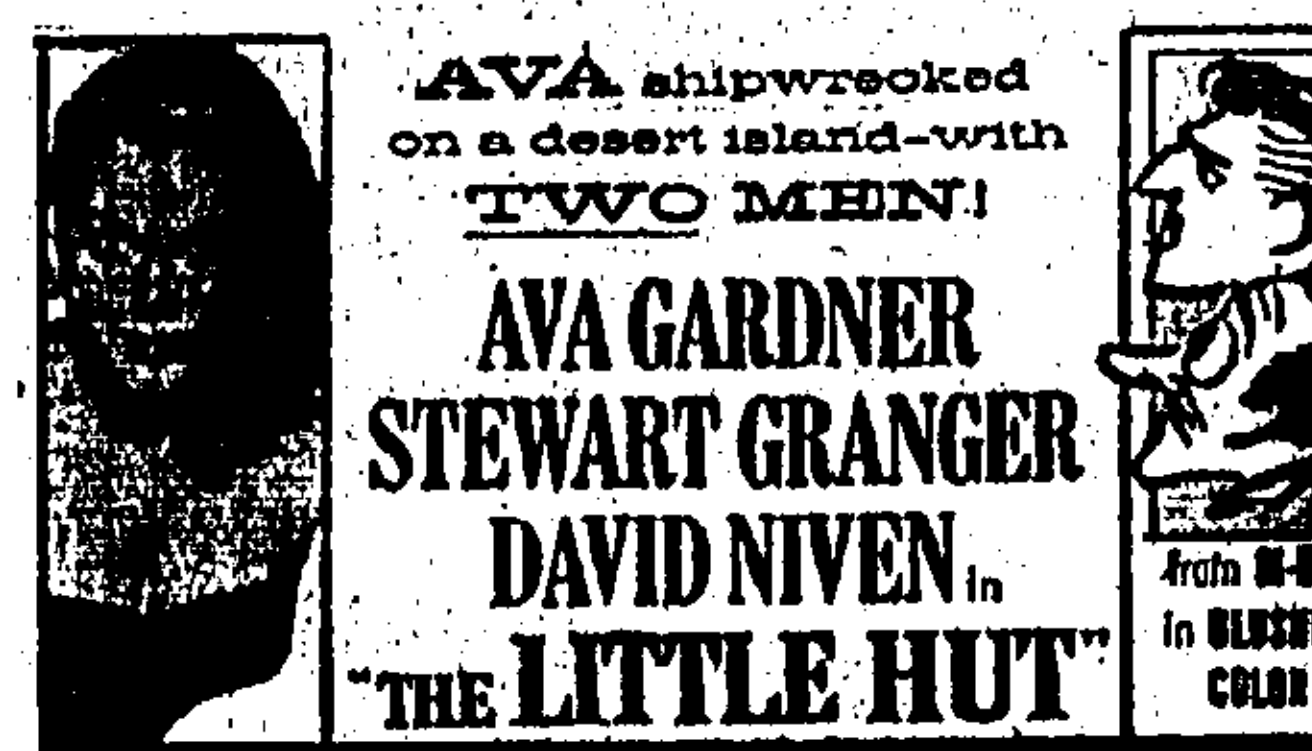
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STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
THREE STOOGES COMEDY & TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
WALT DISNEY'S
At Reduced Prices

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Extra Performance 20th Century-Fox presents
of In Cinemascope & Color
"THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING"
Starring: Ray Milland • Joan Collins
At Reduced Prices

HOOPER & LIBERTY

NOW PLAYING! 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



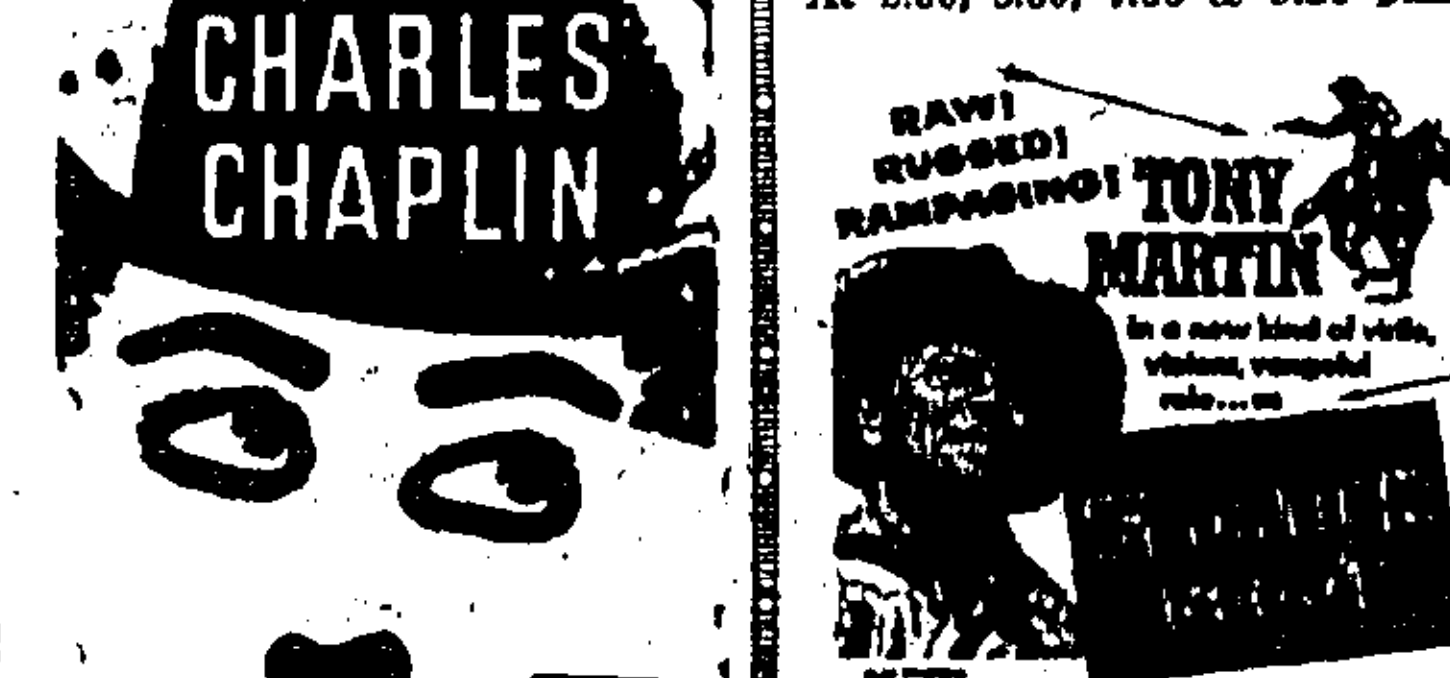
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TO-MORROW
George MONTGOMERY
Mona FREEMAN
in "HUK"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING SIMULTANEOUSLY TO-DAY AT 2.30—5.20—7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
'AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER' || 'THE TALL MAN'



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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

BOYS PUT
SABRINA
ABOVE
MOTHER

London. Who is every schoolboy's heroine today? When 400 were asked to name their choice Florence Nightingale topped the list, with Joan of Arc second.

Then—surprise, surprise—came yes,



Sabrina

She won third place from "Mother." Mansfield, Brigitte Bardot, and Diana Dors were fifth, sixth, and seventh. But Sabrina and Jayne Mansfield were not included when the boys—at Redruth County Grammar School, Cornwall—were asked for their favourite actress. Brigitte Bardot was the choice, with Diana Dors second.

Who is every schoolboy's hero? Top of the list was—



Group Capt. Douglas Bader

Sir Winston Churchill was second, with Nelson and Stanley Matthews tying for third place. Fourth and fifth were Elvis Presley and Tommy Steele.

SHUT-EYE
SHEEP
DO SLEEP

London. The age-old theory that sheep do not sleep throughout their lives was blown sky-high last week.

They DO sleep—and so soundly it almost needs an alarm-clock to wake them. Research workers at Aberdeen University Farm found it out after painstaking observations. And their representative, Dr. Joan Murray, told the British Association about it in Dublin.

She produced pictures of a sheep so soundly asleep, a dog was able to creep up and lie alongside it.

ALARM CLOCK

She said that other sheep under observation did not wake up even when their favourite foods—linseed cake or chocolate—were waved under their noses.

Even a loud-ticking alarm clock placed close to their ears did not disturb them. Just one noise startled them, no matter how soundly they are sleeping—the striking of a match.

How do they sleep? Like humans they favour different postures. Some lie on their sides, some curl up. But they never lie on their backs.

UNTIL NOW scientists thought sheep did not sleep because (a) grass is such poor food they have to chew the cud all night and (b) they had to be constantly on the alert in case attacked.

WORDS-WORTH

Chicago. Mrs. Sylvia S. Russo, a school teacher, is getting her words-worth. She enrolled in a "read for speed" course at the University of Chicago and set a new record for reading comprehension, 1,770 words a minute. United Press.

WIFE KNITS ICE MAN VEST IN WIRE

London. ONE row plain... one row purl... so it went on for 80 hard-knitting hours for housewife Mrs. Jacqueline Adam.

She was making a set of vest and pants for her husband.

The end product was the nattiest set of vest and pants a husband has ever got from his wife. For her needles were No. 4's—large—and her "wool" an electrician's 700-yard reel of plastic-covered wire.

'Love In Every Stitch'

The suit—"there was love in every stitch"—will be one of six used in Antarctic experiments in November, taking a leading part in testing body temperatures.

Two doctors are going from England to the American Antarctic base on a National Institute of Medical Research expedition. Dr. Griffith Pugh, 47, and Major James Adam, a 37-year-old Regular Army physiologist, with three American colleagues will

test the reactions of the human body under extreme cold.

Scientist Mr. Heins Wolf, of Hampsstead, invented a "suit" for them—the vest and pants. They run off a battery and enable body temperature to be easily checked at one point instead of thermometers having to be placed all over the body.

His wife Joan, 20, experimented with the tricky plastic wire. But she is no knitter.

In stepped Mrs. Adam, the major's 36-year-old French-born wife.

"I do an awful lot for my husband and our two young children but this was a very hard job," she said when the vests and pants were demonstrated in London.

"The worst part was the talcum powder. We had to use that as a lubricant. It was all over the place."

The second and third sets for her husband took only 60 hours each. Now her next job is to knit three more for Dr. Pugh.

NEIGHBOUR
FED BABY
THROUGH
LETTERBOX

London. A baby, left alone in a house for four hours, was fed by a neighbour who pushed biscuits and milk through the letter-box.

Last week the baby's father, 35-year-old labourer Robert Brown, of no fixed address, was gaoled for six months for wilfully neglecting his six daughters aged between 18 months and 12 years.

His oldest daughter, Margaret, told South Shields magistrates that her father got her out of bed at 2 am to cook him a meal while her mother was working.

She also told of other occasions when he twisted her arms behind her back and hit her near the eye with some garden shears. Once, she said, he turned her barefooted into the street with her mother at 2 am.

Extra treats

A next-door neighbour said she was told by a painter that the baby was crying after being alone in the house since morning.

"I gave the child some milk in a miniature whisky bottle and some biscuits through the letter-box," she told the court. Then she sent for the police who broke into the house.

An NSPCC inspector said the children were now in the care of the local authority. Brown, who alleged that his eldest daughter caused trouble so that her mother would give her extra treats, said he had merely given Margaret the extra responsibility normal for an eldest child.

SHOVEL
YOURSELF
A FORTUNE
CONTEST

London. The Tabloid Daily Sketch, suffering falling circulation along with all London morning newspapers introduced a "Shovel Yourself a Fortune" contest.

"Can you shovel money?" the newspaper asked in a frontpage offer.

"This newspaper has bought an immense and glittering pile of 80,000 newly minted half crowns—£20,000 worth."

"The winner of this competition will be given the chance to shovel half crowns into a bin for three minutes... the winner gets all the money that is in the bin at the end of that time."

"So get practising shovellers," the Sketch advised. "Try it in the garden this week-end. Or try it in the coal cellar. You'll be surprised how much you can shift in three minutes."—United Press.

Portsmouth, Ohio. Patrolman Homer Webb reported someone stole an envelope of money from the compartment on his motorcycle while he was away lagging care for overtime parking. The money consisted of contributions to the policeman's ball fund. United Press.

STEAK
BABES!'REVOLUTION'
ON FEEDING

Five-days-old babies are being fed steak and potatoes at Lewisham Hospital in London.

The pioneer of this revolutionary idea is Dr. Bruno Ganz, who reports that he has had great success in feeding premature babies with solid foods.

The hospital's babies are spoon-fed cereal for breakfast, finely-sieved steak, or fish plus two vegetables for

lunch, and stewed fruit and custard for tea.

Dr. Ganz said: "I firmly believe that, under my method, a baby is happier, healthier, more alert, and more immune to disease."

"But it doesn't necessarily make the baby walk or get its teeth any earlier."

PEANUT SUITS
BECAME A
5-YEAR FLOP

London. Peanut suits are OUT. Production of a test-tube wool-like fibre made from the nuts monkeys like is ending.

So a material acclaimed by textile and fashion experts as the new thing for men's and women's clothing disappears before it has been seen by many people.

Scientists have long dreamed of a soft, warm, moth-proof synthetic wool-like fibre. It was after ten years of research and experiment that ICI opened a manufacturing plant near Dumfries, in 1951.

Envy of Paris

A vast publicity campaign heralded the advent of "Ardil." Experts predicted: "Every man will soon be wearing an 'Ardil' suit." It was a man-made answer to the shortage of high-priced natural wool.

Mr. Harold Wilson, MP, when President of the Board of Trade, had one of the first suits to be made of the fibre. As he walked down the Champs-Elysees wearing his donkey-brown coloured suit he was the envy of chic Parisians.

Jumble sale

Last week ICI announced they are closing the Dumfries plant, with its £2,000,000-worth of equipment. The 220 men who work there are being transferred or offered gratuities.

The conservative tastes of men and a steep drop in world wool prices defeated the scientists.

An official of the company said: "The fibre, blended with other materials, was soft and it was moth-proof. But there is now no market for it. The sales have been very disappointing."

The Strange
Tale Of
A Cheese

London. A GROCER'S assistant at A Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, cut open 80lb. New Zealand cheese and found—



A PAIR OF GREEN SHIRT-SLEEVES, COMPLETE WITH CUFFS AND BUTTONS.

A public health inspector condemned the cheese as unfit to eat.

THE SEQUEL

From Wellington, New Zealand, came news of a sequel.

The country's health department regards the shirt-sleeves incident as "deliberate mischief-making, and a form of sabotage," said Mr. H. A. Fry, head of the department's dairy division.

And he added: "If we can trace the man responsible we will prosecute... so that we can prove to Britain that we too will not tolerate foreign matter in our products."

PLANES
DROP
WATER
ON FIRES

Wellington.

Trials in New Zealand over many months have proved that the fiercest forest fires can be put out with water from aircraft with "merring accuracy."

Experts believe the method will lead to savings of millions of pounds in countries such as Australia and New Zealand, where there are vast forest lands often swept by fires.

Details of the method are announced in a report of the New Zealand Soil Conservation Council.

IN TWO SECONDS

Tests showed that 200 gallons of water can be delivered every 70 seconds from an airstrip up to one mile away.

In one trial at Rotorua, three "Beaver" aircraft showed that 200 gallons of water could be delivered in two seconds to douse "slash" fires and simulated scrub fires.

Half an acre of heavy scrub sprayed with oil and set alight was put out with six loads of water from the aircraft.

"As a fire-fighting technique the tree dropping of water from aircraft has considerable possibilities," says the report.

Neighbours of Stanley F. Royce didn't mind as long as he confined his bird collection to 700 pigeons. But when he bought a red rooster they drew the line.

At least the pigeons slept to a reasonable hour.—United Press.

PC STOPS
A LORRY
AND 131
GET OUT

London.

Police motor-patrol man Eric Williams stopped the pea-pickers' lorry and ordered everybody off.

Then he started to count pea-pickers: One, two, three, four... It went on, he told the magistrate at Thorne, near Doncaster, to 131—eight men, 51 women, and 73 children.

"They were looting, eating like flowers in a vase," said PC Williams. "It was amazing."

"They were so tightly packed that it was difficult to release the lorry. They carried baskets, stools, and bags, too, and were all standing."

And 90 more

"If the lorry had fallen or there had been a puncture there would have been a serious accident."

Another lorry behind was carrying 90 people.

Ernest Smith, 39, farm foreman, of Grange Avenue, Hatfield, and George Isles, 31, driver, of Ash Hill Cottages, Hatfield, were fined £5 each for using a lorry with a dangerous number of passengers.

The owner of the lorries, farmer Edward Dixon, of Stainforth Road, Barnby Dun, was also fined £5. All pleaded not guilty.

Mr. P. Allan, defending, said both lorries were strongly built and none of the people complained of being cramped. He added: "A driver cannot control a mob of people who climb on the lorry, no matter what he says."

JACKPOT
HITS
MARTIN

New York.

Many a motorist has openly rebelled against a ticket-issuing policeman. But Patrolman Peter Martin hit the jackpot. Or, more correctly, the jackpot hit Martin.

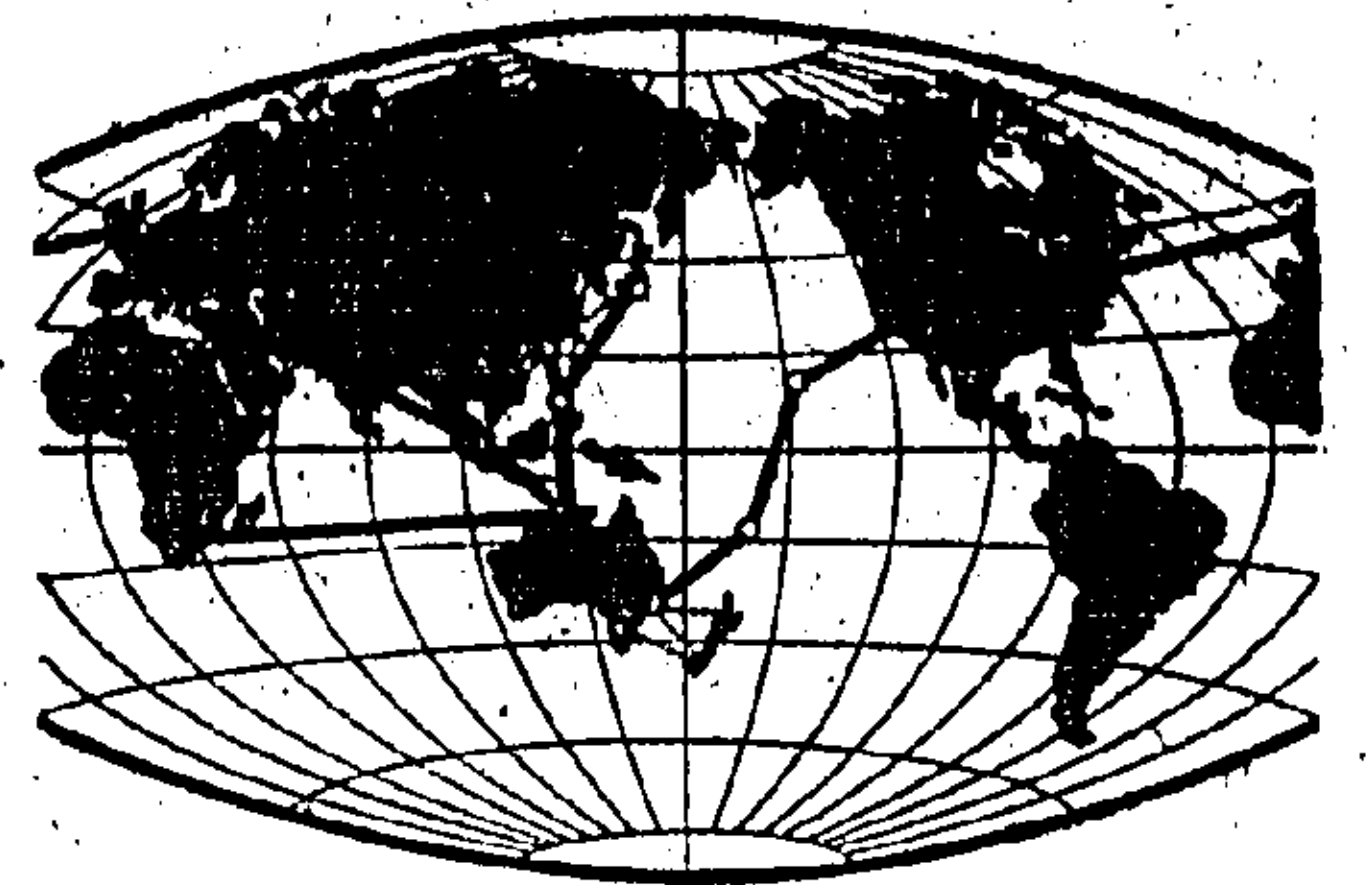
Flagging down a loaded convertible for an improper turn Martin immediately ran up into a storm of physical protest. All eight occupants—four men and four women—set upon him, the men punching and the women scratching and kicking.

Witnesses called for police reinforcements. Four additional officers arrived, just in time to catch their share of the lumps. Finally subdued, the eight civilians were booked on felonious assault charges.—United Press.

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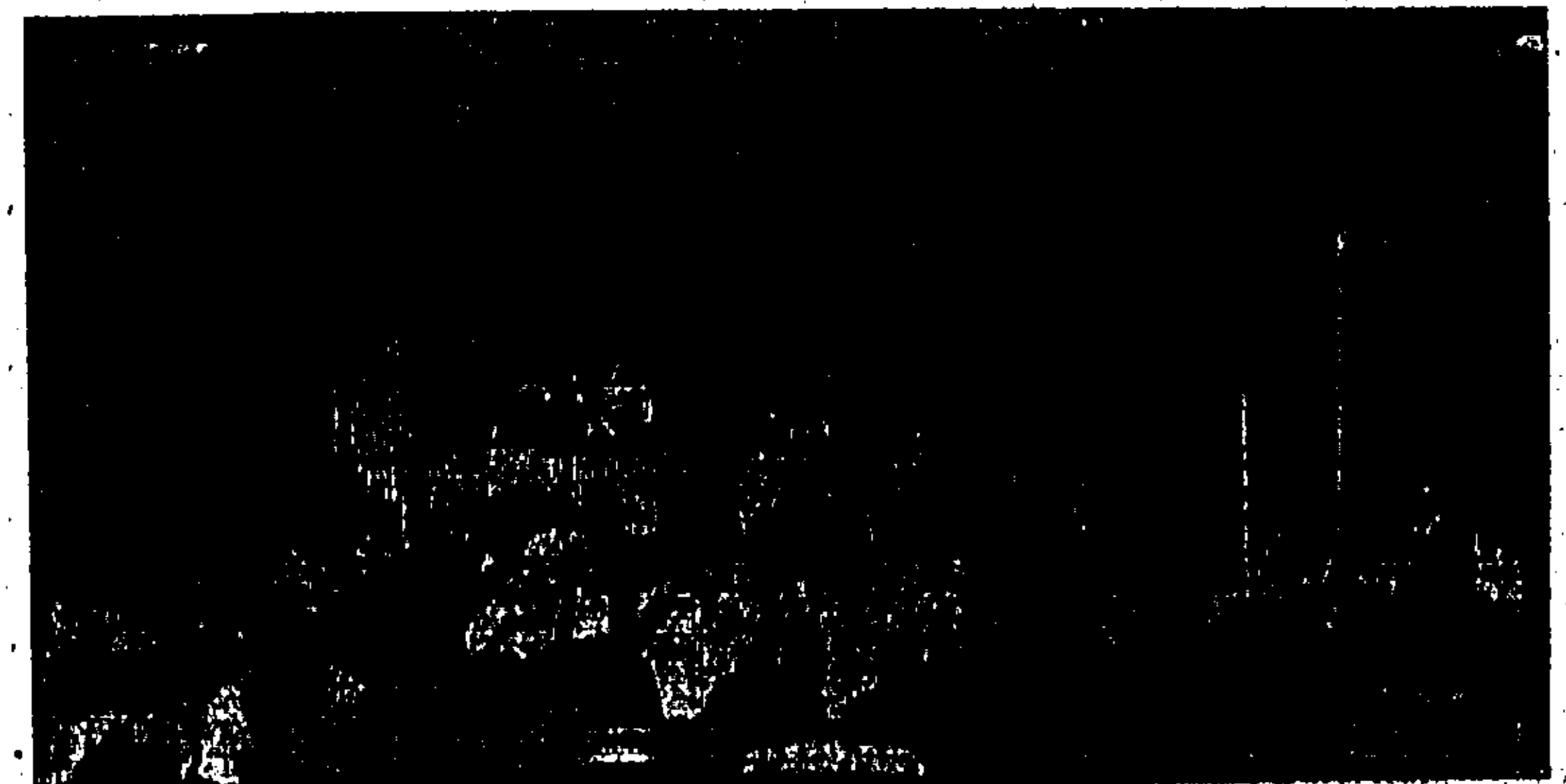
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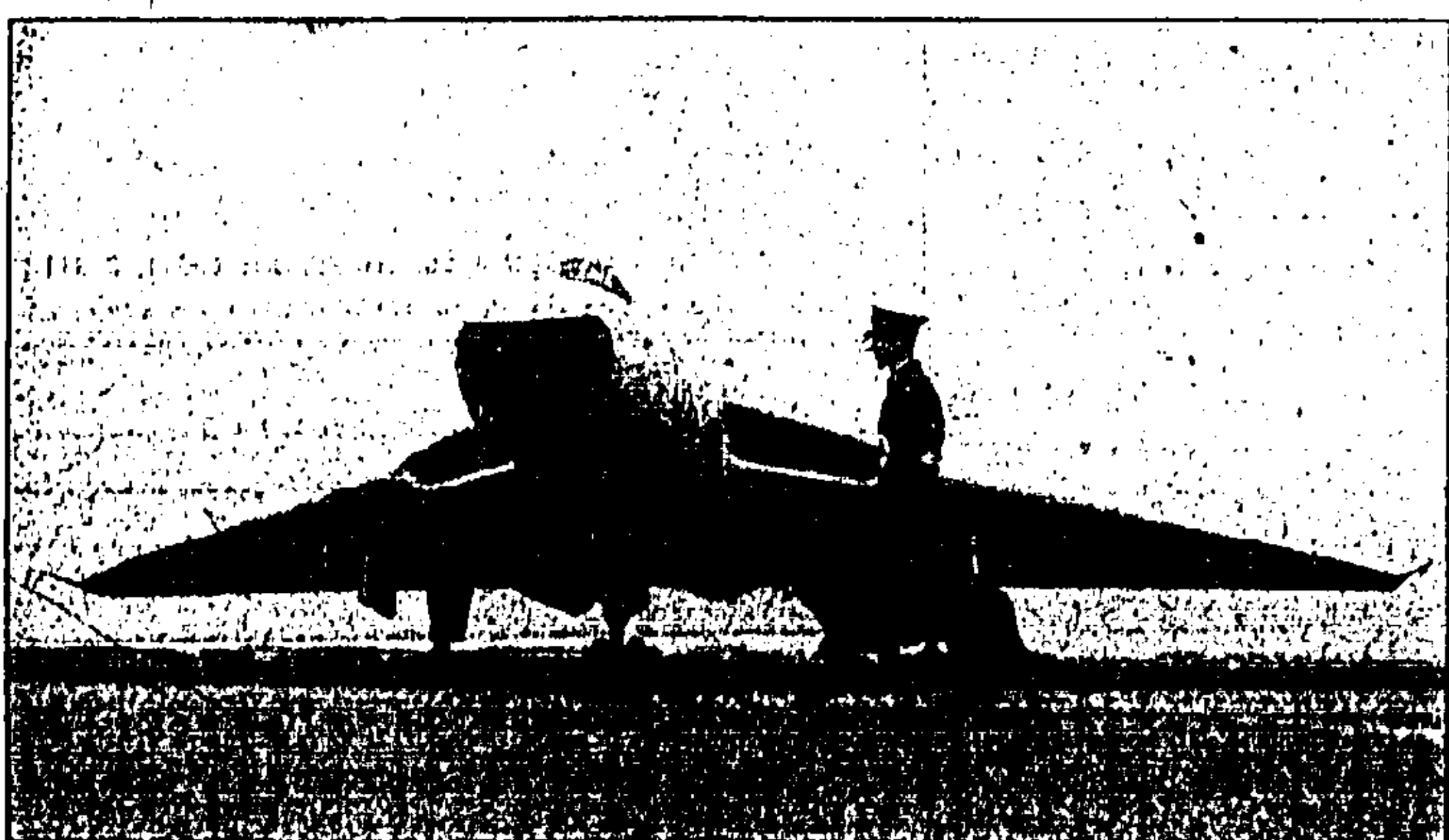
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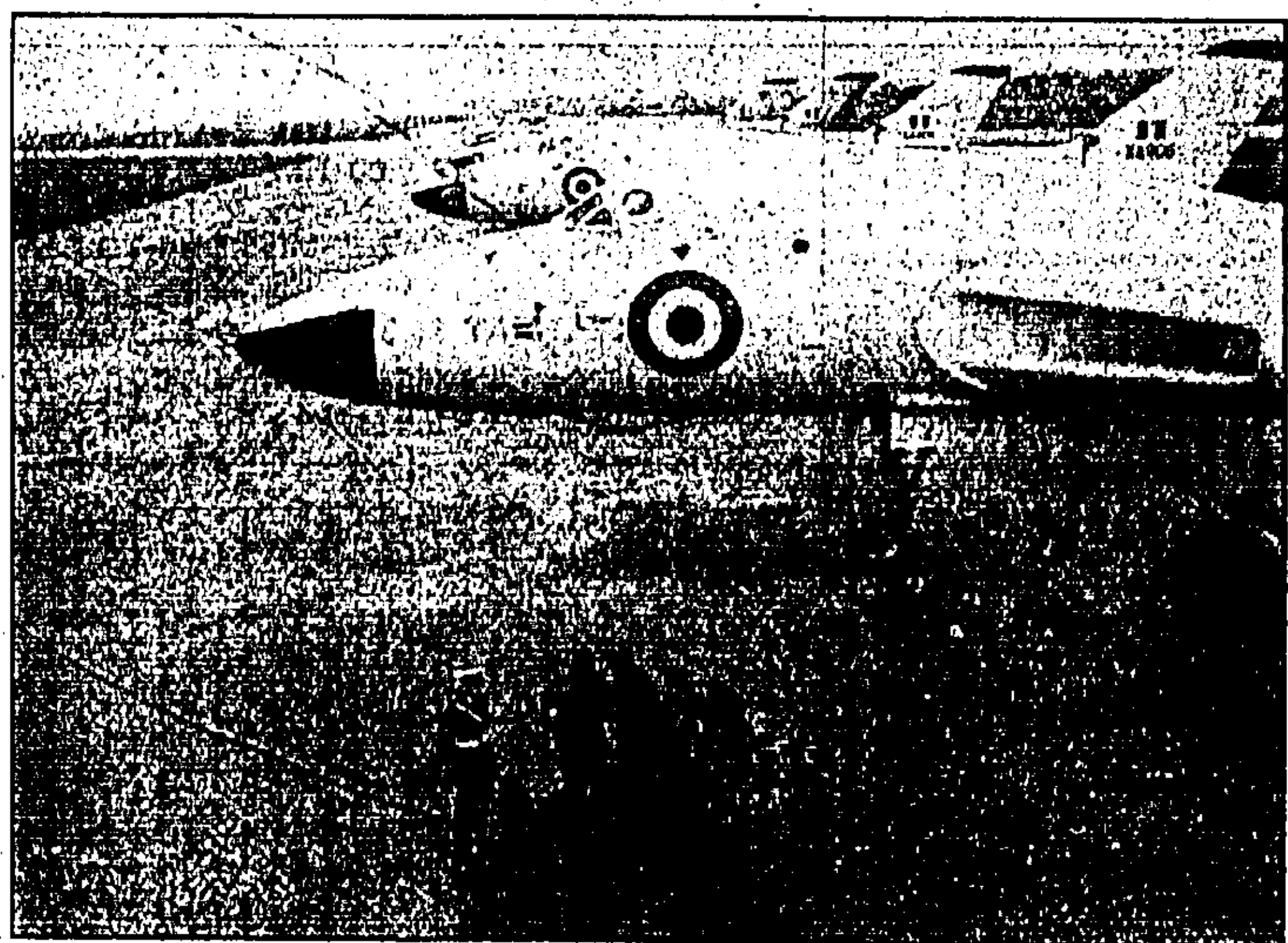


ABOVE: General HANS SPEIDEL, once one of Hitler's generals, now NATO C-in-C, and Lieut-General Sir Cyril Coleman, arrive at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, before his tour of British Military establishments. EXPRESS

RIGHT: Hongkong born TSE CHIN (21)—interpreter and comper for the Chinese National Theatre at the Royal Theatre, Drury Lane. EXPRESS

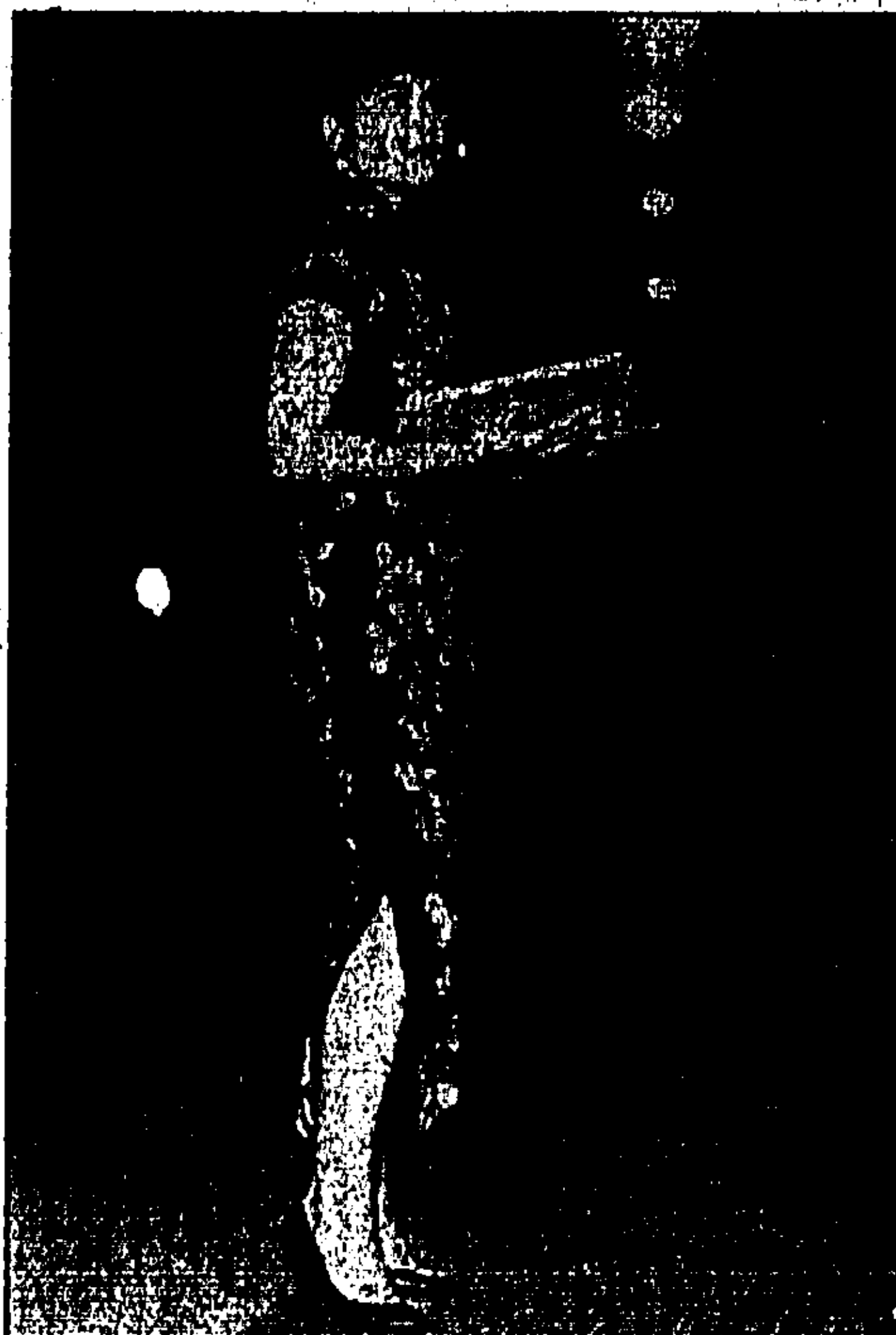


RAF guard dogs are on duty guarding Britain's latest, mightiest, and possibly one of her last modern service aircraft—the Vulcan. Men of the RAF B3 Squadron are the first, No 617 Squadron "the Dam-Busters" will be the second, to be equipped with this, the world's largest delta wing bomber. EXPRESS



RIGHT: Tell it not in Gath. Latest trade for Ireland's nobility is "Gigolo." Lord Kilbraken, author of "How to live like a Lord" will act as Jayne Mansfield's escort while she's in London. Fees are £100 and all expenses. But maybe he deserves it. She's just announced her engagement to musclemank Mikgosh Miky Hargitay. EXPRESS

BELOW: RASC Horse Transport Company ride through the hoop at Camberley. ARMY NEWS



PRINCE CHARLES, who has since developed the flu, looked cheerful enough when he arrived by car at his new school—Choam, near Newbury, Berkshire. He is seen shortly after arrival with his mother, father, and Mr and Mrs Beck. BELOW: But most of the other Choam boys caught the school special train from Paddington, accompanied by the other headmaster, Mr Wheeler. EXPRESS



LEFT: Australia's youngest ever cricket captain IAN CRAIG (22) is seen leaving Southampton for South Africa where he will meet the rest of his team for a (Southern hemisphere) "summer" tour. EXPRESS



PRINCESS ILEANA OF RUMANIA, of Massachusetts, a cousin of the Queen arrives in London for a lecture tour with three of her four daughters, (from left) the Archduchess Maria Magdalena (18), Maria Ileana (23), and Alexandra (22). EXPRESS



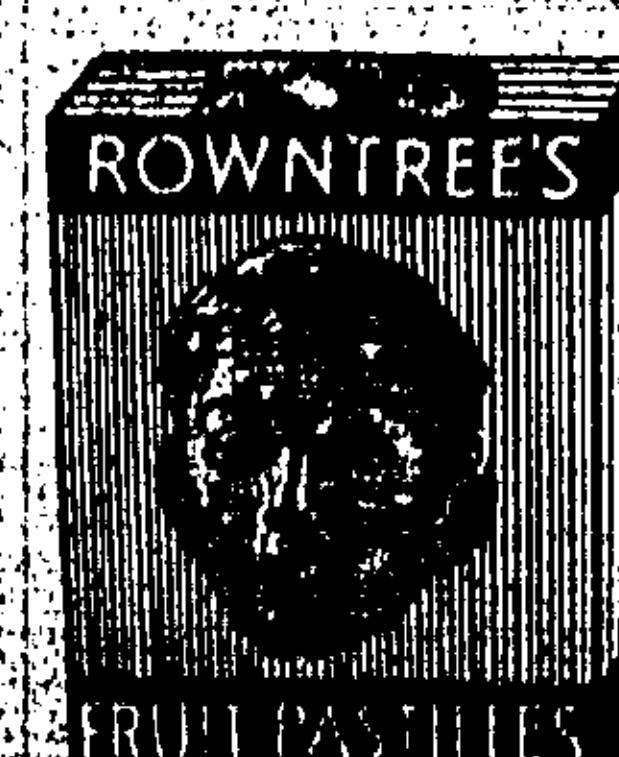
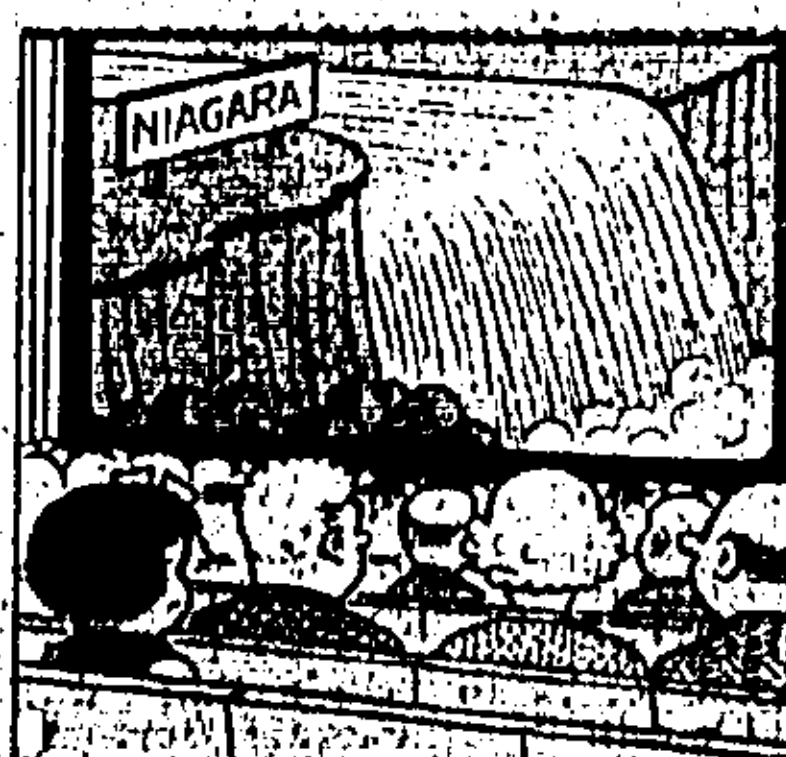
T. S. ELIOT (69) says he'll be stepping out a little more now that he's married. He's started dancing lessons. A change from the men in his rhymes.

How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot
With his features of clerical cut,
And his brow so grim
And his mouth so prim

And his conversation, so nicely
Restricted to What Precisely
And if and Perhaps and But...
EXPRESS

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



SHE BEAT DEATH TWICE

Ruffec, Western France.
WHEN Mary Lindell told Major "Blondie" Hasler, of the Royal Marines, to cut off his moustache it nearly caused the first revolt on the escape route for British officers making for England from occupied France.

It happened in this village in the cornucopia-growing region. In 1942, the major and his batman had walked 80 miles here after a harrowing raid on U-boat pens near Bordeaux.

They were the only two survivors of a very brave escape and their luck was to hold until they got back home again. Of ten men who were put into five canoes from the British submarine "Tuna" on the night of December 7, 1942 to attack the heavily-guarded U-boat base, two were drowned and six were shot by the Germans.

TWO SHOCKS

Twenty-eight-year-old Major Herbert George Hasler and his batman, Marine W. E. Sparks, knew what they had to do to dodge German pursuit. They must find an Englishwoman, Mary Lindell, at Ruffec, and she would see they got safely through to England.

When eventually they found Mary Lindell, she was wearing French Red Cross uniform—they got two shocks.

... and showed
hundreds the
way to freedom

"What's all that stuff you have with you?" she asked.

"That's our kit: we must turn it in when we get back to Portsmouth," said Major Hasler sturdily.

"You'll turn it out," said Mary Lindell firmly. "And another thing..."

TURNED PALE

Here she looked ominously at Major Hasler's moustache, something in the handlebar line to make even the R.A.F. envious. "THAT must come off."

She did what no German had succeeded in doing—make the major turn pale. He was handed a pair of nail scissors.

"It will be years before I can grow another one like that," he said as he finally looked at his face in the mirror.

From Ruffec the Marines were taken to Lyons, and escaped over the Pyrenees to Andorra and Spain.

For Mary Lindell, known to French patriots from Paris to the Pyrenees under the name of "Marie Claire," it was just one episode of a war in which she was twice left for dead, twice arrested by the Germans, sentenced to death and finally sent

to the dreaded Ravensbrück Camp.

English by birth, a French comtesse by marriage, she took a Red Cross convoy through the German lines to Southern France in 1940—and then took up resistance work, in which her two young sons joined.

In 1942 she was left for dead in a field with six broken ribs and a broken collar-bone after being caught by the enemy

while crossing the line between Occupied and Unoccupied France. She was saved by a de Gaulle doctor.

When she was finally caught, at Pau, an R.A.F. escape route centre, in November, 1943, she jumped from the German train as her guard fired at her and was knocked out by a bullet. It grazed the back of her head.

Her friends believed her dead, as their last report was that the

Germans had been seen carrying the body away from the railway line. Not until Ravensbrück Camp was liberated in 1945 did they know she had survived.

Mary Lindell was the woman escort who took six escaping squadron leaders to Poix by train on their way over the Pyrenees.

All went well with the six squadron leaders, and with other

THEY SLID ON THEIR PANTS TO SAFETY

BEHIND these towering 9,500ft. peaks in the Pyrenees lay the escape path for R.A.F. men

into Andorra from France. Once over the mountain passes they had to descend the steep gradients on the other side—often on the seat of their pants when walking was impossible.

Guardian angel was resistance leader Mary Lindell (above), who escorted our men to the foot of the mountains. This article concludes the series...



The Escapers

by
FRANK TOLE

R.A.F. men she helped through to freedom—all except an awkward Pole. He was one of five airmen she was taking south in September, 1943.

She handed them over to their Pyrenees guide and went back to Ruffec thinking "That's another lot over the mountains." Then the postman called, and with an old-fashioned look delivered a postcard which anyone could read.

It said: "Lost in the mountains. Please send quickly to help me!"

It was posted in a village on the French side of the Pyrenees and was of all people from the Pole.

After a heartbreaking 48 hours the news came through—the Pole had wandered into a cave in the valley and villagers had hidden him in a barn.

IN BLIZZARD

One man who shook his head with an "I told you so" air, was Jean Benazet, the garage owner, who with his wife will be arriving in London next Monday with two plane loads of French heroes.

Benazet, the solitary, trusted in no one but himself to get his convoys over the Pyrenees. Once he spent two days on the mountain sheltering from a blizzard. The route he chose involved sliding half a mile down a rocky slope—and caused very heavy wear on the seat of his pants!

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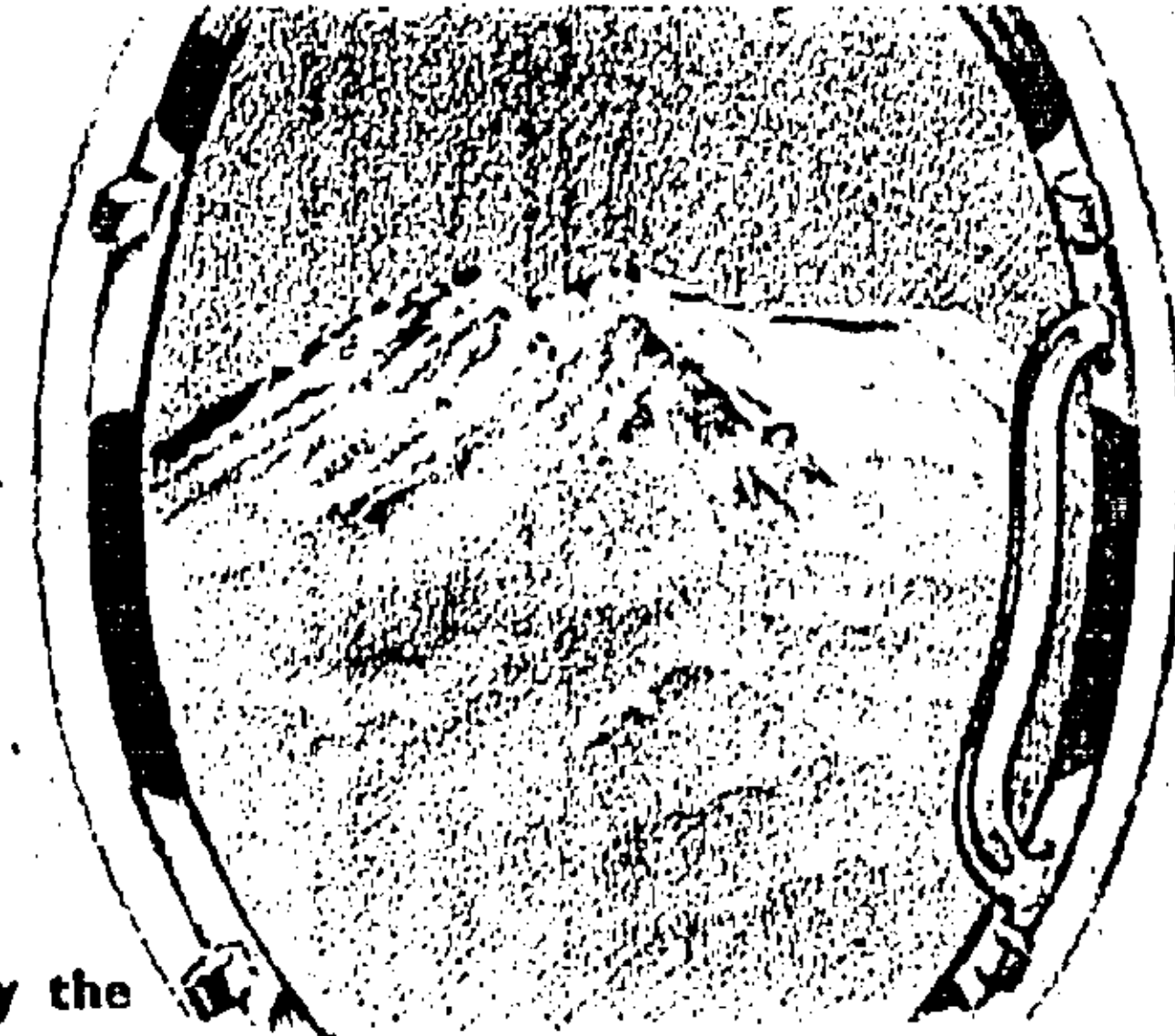
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JOHNNY HAZARD

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Who's busy writing what the Queen will say?

FOR MY MONEY, THESE ARE THE PEOPLE FOR THE JOB...



MITFORD NANCY DU MAURIER DAPHNE LANE MARGARET

by TOM POCOCC

These are Lieut.-Colonel Sir Michael Adcock, Lieut.-Colonel Martin Charles, and Major Edward Ford. All three are Old Etonians, had good war records, and Major Ford was an Oxford scholar, and as he lists among his qualifications a tutor to ex-King Farouk, of Egypt.

Hack

FROM time to time others are called in to help. Perhaps the most notable of these is a 61-year-old journalist called Dermot Morrah. For a quarter of a century Mr Morrah has been writing splendidly sonorous prose for The Times, and is an authority on heraldry.

Thus he achieved a remarkable scoop by covering the Queen's Coronation ceremony both as a newspaper reporter and as a Herald Extraordinary.

He is also Crawley's keenest rival in the production of chatty literature about the Royal Family.

But Arundel, Herald Extraordinary, has, for some time, also been Ghost-Writer Extraordinary. He has written some of the most important royal speeches and announcements.

Mr Morrah's rolling sentences ring grandly through the columns of The Times but from the mouth of a young and attractive woman they are apt to sound a little incongruous.

Dignity

THERE are times, I am sure, when a royal speech needs a serious, scholarly, even severe and haughty, touch. Royal dignity must never be lost.

Never should the Queen be asked to become another Lady Burrell. But, during the Queen's visit to the United States, a new approach will be needed and, one hopes, provided.

Must the young Queen's speeches be written by men? Even by brave, erudite, scholarly men?

Why can they not be written by women? In all seriousness I put forward the suggestion that some of the best British women writers be given, as in anonymous but significant honour, the task of assisting with the writing of the Queen's speeches.

Names come instantly to mind. The Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Browning, and Mrs Peter Rodd, for example. They are better known as Margaret Lane, Daphne du Maurier, and Nancy Mitford.

All of them are writers with both a sense of history and inbred knowledge of manners, protocol, and diplomacy.

Sincerity

THEN there is Dorothy Sayers, who can write about religion with sincerity and understanding.

Both Veronica Wedgwood and Cecil Woodham-Smith are women who can write with wit and knowledge.

From the heights of Dame Edith Sitwell and Rose Macaulay down through the universities and Fleet Street itself there are women capable of such service and, I believe, worthy of this honour.

But perhaps, it would be best of all, if, during the American tour, there could be times when nobody spoke into the microphone but the Queen herself.

A carefully prepared speech may be necessary for addresses to the United Nations in New York or the Pilgrims or the English-Speaking Union.

But to speak to the brave, generous heart of America, two minutes' spontaneous, unprepared speaking by the Queen will be worth all the silver-tongued speeches of diplomacy.

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SUNK IN GLOOM AFTER THE BANK RATE SHOCK

WHAT exactly does the economic future hold for Britain? That is the question which must be nagging at the minds of many thousands of people. It could hardly be otherwise. For there is scarcely a section of the community which has not already taken a hard knock. Or is not about to take one.

THINK of the small investors—perhaps a widow with her £2,000 savings invested in British Government securities. Now she sees something like £200 clipped off the value of her investment.

THINK of the house buyers—the family man who is buying a home through a building society and is already living up to the limit of his income. Soon he will have to pinch and scrape to meet an increase in his mortgage payments.

THINK of the folk who plan to buy cookers or vacuum cleaners or motor-cars on hire-purchase. They, too, will have bigger bills to meet.

THINK of the business man who wants money to extend his workshop or factory. Now the chances are his bank will turn him away, even if he could afford the luxury of paying 8 per cent for a loan.

THINK of the man who worries whether his job will last now that a "go-slow" has been ordered in housing and other building programmes.

Every year

IT is not to be wondered at if these people and many others feel a little bleakly about the outlook. They may look back at the years since the war and recall that there has hardly been a year without a crisis or a threat of one.

Some may bring back to mind Sir Stafford Cripps' statement about Britain "trottering from crisis to crisis, moving from one expedient to another." And they may ask themselves

In the skill and ingenuity of her workpeople Britain has an asset unexcelled by any other country.

Why, then, has this present crisis come upon us?

The first reason is that bankers and currency speculators have been taking money away from London to lodge it in Germany.

They believe German marks are better to hold than pound sterling. Not merely because

be sure they will soon come running back to London.

Just watch that barometer of the pound. It has already moved up fractionally. Be sure it will move up further as the absolute firmness of our resolve not to devalue becomes more widely understood.

Boom ending?

A SECOND reason why the pound has come under attack is the belief that the American boom is running out of steam.

But what, you may ask, has that got to do with us?

Simply this. We depend on our trade with America to earn dollars to buy the food and the goods which cannot be bought with sterling.

A slump there would inevitably mean a slump in Britain.

So if it were true that America is now poised on the edge of a slump, then there would be real and genuine cause for alarm.

But is there going to be a slump in the U.S.? The chances are remote. For the one thing the Americans are determined never to face again is large-scale unemployment.

Certainly in the last month or two American business has been slowing down. Industrial output is below the end-1956 level. The steelworks and car plants are operating at well below capacity. Sales of household goods have taken a tumble. Fewer houses are being built.

A Plan

BUT this is a contrived recession. It has been deliberately engineered to check the inflation which is hitting the U.S. just as it is hitting us.

How has it been done? By the Government trimming its defence spending. By making money more expensive to borrow.

When the Government's money managers decide to take off the brakes the recession will end. By next year business will almost certainly be moving up again.

by
BERNARD HARRIS

So there is no reason whatever to fear that the U.S. is about to drag us into trouble. But, of course, there is no joy in being so dependent on what happens across the Atlantic. Everybody would be happier and our whole future would be more assured if we could insulate ourselves against trade up-and-downs in the U.S.

Can it be done? Is there a way out of this dependence? Can we make our economic defences impregnable? Can we avoid these recurrent crisis threats?

No doubt at all. The way is indicated at the picturesque resort in Canada's Laurentian Mountains. Its name? Mont Tremblant.

Starting point

HITHERTO this small place—85 miles to the north-west of Montreal—has been remarkable only as a fine centre for skiing enthusiasts.

BUT IT COULD GO DOWN TO HISTORY AS THE SPOT WHERE BRITAIN LAID NEW AND FIRMER FOUNDATIONS FOR PROSPERITY.

For it is there that the Empire Finance Ministers, fresh from the World Bank meetings in Washington, are gathered together with Mr John Diefenbaker, Canada's new Prime Minister, to discuss his plans for increased Empire trade.

Mr Diefenbaker had hardly taken up office before he suggested that 15% of Canada's imports from the U.S. should be bought instead from Britain.

If that were done, Britain's exports to Canada would be substantially more than doubled.

The appalling thing is that only now are we showing signs of action. If, years ago, we had had the vision and the drive and the energy to seize the magnificent opportunities offered in the Dominion, we should not now be in the mess in which we find ourselves.

For look at the ground we have lost to the Americans. Last year they sold to Canada goods worth £87 per head of the Canadian population, against £80 in 1955.

And how much did we sell? A meagre £11 per head, compared with £20 in 1955.

Shamel!

THOSE figures should shame us all. Certainly they should shame Mr Thorneycroft, Sir David Eccles, and Mr Macaulay who run up our team at Mont Tremblant.

IF THESE MEN CAN CEASE THEIR HEADS OF EUROPEAN FREE TRADE MOONSHINE AND BE INSPIRED INSTEAD WITH THE EMPIRE VISION BRITAIN CAN BE IMMENSURABLY STRENGTHENED.

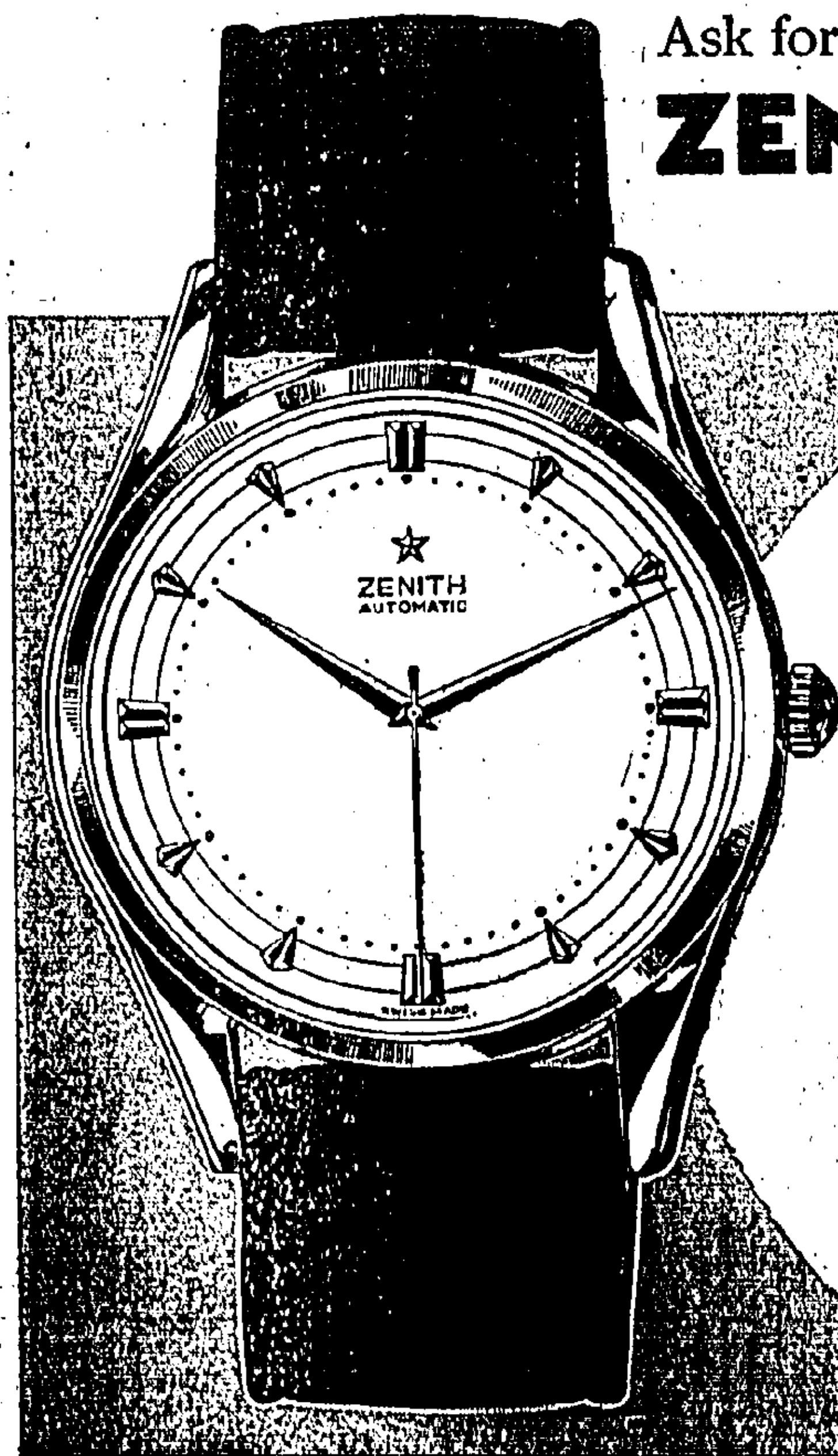
We can close the dollar gap for good and all. We can set aside all fears of the pound plunging into a second "do-or-die" and we can rid ourselves of this recurrent nightmare of crisis after crisis.

The seeds

IF the will and the resolution are there, Mont Tremblant could mark a turning-point in the fortunes of us all.

In that tiny Canadian resort there could be sown the seeds of a greater prosperity and more assured future than we have ever known.

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CURRENCY BLUES

whether there is ever going to be an end to it.

I can picture the father of the family carving the joint today and brooding over what he believes to be his wife's unspoken questions:—

Can there ever be a secure future in Britain? Can I be sure there will always be a job for my husband? And for my boys when they leave school? Can there be hope that money will keep its value from year to year?

I can understand the feelings of those who worry. But I am not among them.

Weak? No

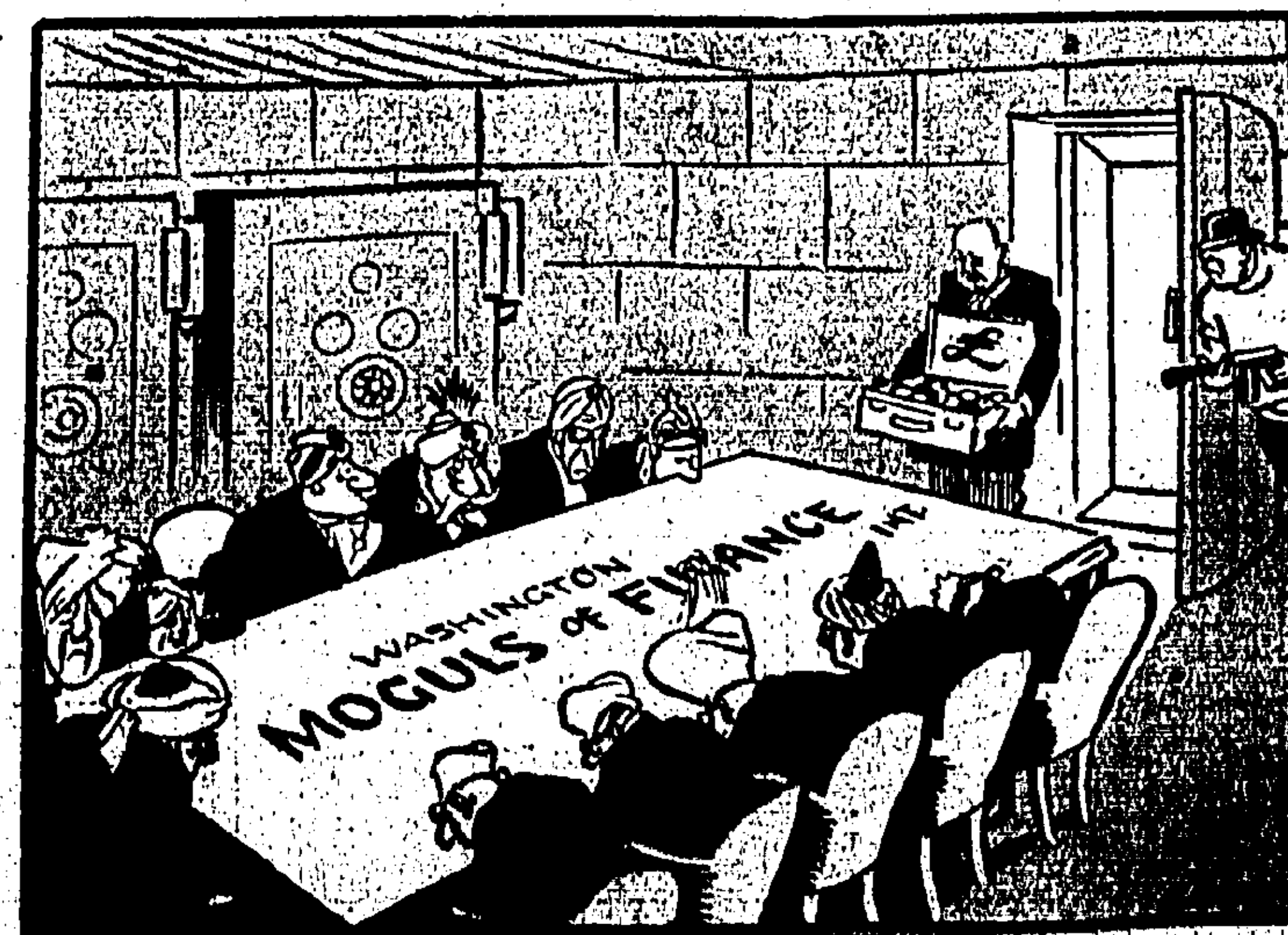
I THINK the worst possible service anyone could do at this moment is to overestimate the seriousness of the crisis or to underestimate Britain's capacity for recovery.

Let us look at things with a proper sense of proportion. This crisis has not come upon us because Britain is weak or prostrate.

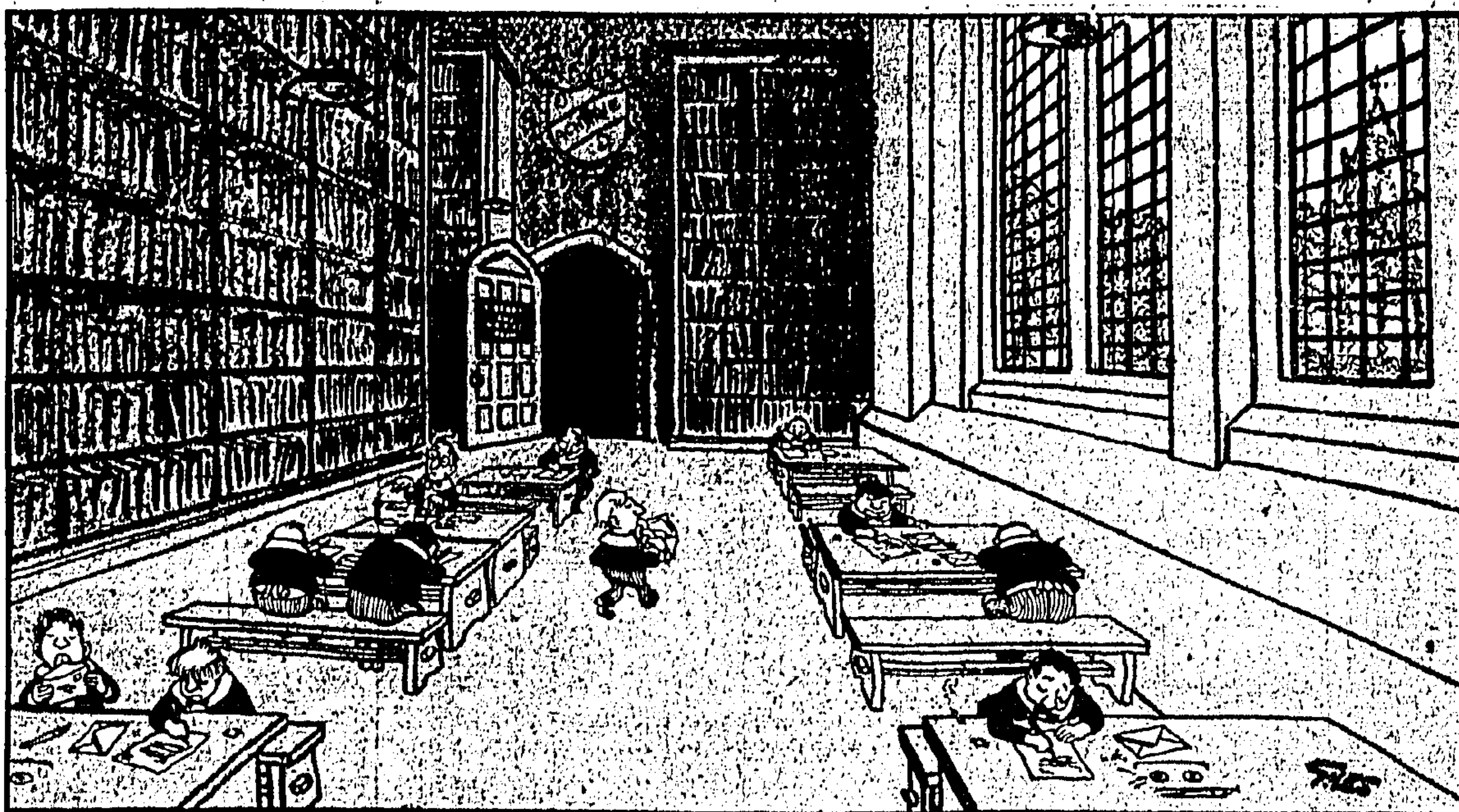
We are not heading for national bankruptcy. We are not threatened with a return of the dole queues of the early 1930's.

WE ARE NOT PLUNGING INTO DEBT. WE ARE PAYING OUR WAY IN THE WORLD. IN MANY DIRECTIONS WE ARE DOING MAGNIFICENTLY—IN AIRCRAFT, IN THE SHIPYARDS.

A fine buoyant spirit runs through the car factories. The brawny men in the steelworks are setting up new output records. Even the miners are digging more coal than last year.



BUDDY CAN YOU SPARE A DIME? OR FIVE?...



...and so, dear Father, in view of the Chancellor's call for stringent economy I fear it would be incompatible with his request for me to advance you a small loan until Friday, even at the tempting offer of 7% interest. Your affectionate son

The man who has made Ike a 'Lincoln'

from CHRISTOPHER DOBSON

NEW YORK THEY say he is a nice little man but with a distressing tendency to belch in public.

He is a hillbilly from the Little Rock and Erskine Caldwell country.

His mother's gravestone bears the legend "Mother of seven. The oldest became Governor of Arkansas."

That is Orval Faubus, who is Governor of Arkansas. The man who in these past few days has brought the South to where it was a hundred years ago—to the start of one of the bitterest civil wars ever fought.

The man who has forced President Eisenhower to drop his golf-playing holiday and assume the mantle of Lincoln.

Rampage

IT is Faubus who has roused the anger in Eisenhower just when the President seemed resigned to sit out the remnants of his official life as quietly as possible.

But now like is on the rampage, as angry as he has ever been, as determined as Lincoln ever was that the South must succumb to the authority of the Government of the United States.

Who then is this man? How, when, why does a man become an Orval Faubus, a man who mired the name of the United States throughout the world and who has done more harm to America's cause than a dozen of even John Foster Dulles's most ham-handed blunders?

Rifles

HE came from the depths of the Ozark Hills—a wild, rugged country, beautiful country but poor, desperately poor, where the moonshiners still fight off the revenue men with long-barrelled rifles.

In a rough wooden cabin at a place called Greasy Creek, Orval Faubus was born 47 years ago. In Europe his people would be called peasants.

They grubbed a living from the mudlands along the creek valley where the fog crept at night and the timber wolves howled.

He worked on the farm and, says his arthritis-crippled father, "He was different to most boys. Kids like to get into mischief but all he ever did was read books. He never done anything if he couldn't do it perfectly. You'd never find a weed in his row of corn."

"Little Orval" must have changed. There are plenty of weeds in his Little Rock corn patch. So many that Eisenhower has been forced to send down his crack 101st Airborne Brigade to weed them out.

What a pretty patch it has come to. I know the 101st well. They are America's atomic airborne division. Thirteen years ago they were surrounded at Bastogne and asked to surrender. Their commander sent the classic message "Nuts."

They are good soldiers, proud men. And the stink of what they have to do today is in their nostrils—weed out Orval Faubus's offshoots.

Advice

SAYS Orval's father: "I told Orval not to hate anybody of any race."

Faubus was poor. And one of the basic causes of the white Southerner's fear of the Negro is economic fear. He thinks that if the Negro is given an equal education, equal voting rights and all the other rights which belong to a civilised community then the Negro will take the white man's job away.

But Orval clawed his way to the top. He did it the hard way with a succession of low paying jobs, then fighting his way up the political machine. And if you can do that you are tough.

Tough

ORVAL was tough. He got to the top. He was elected Governor in 1954 and again last year. And now comes the crux of Faubus.

Never once before had he shown any animosity to the Negro. Despite his Southern background, despite his poor white ancestry which might have made any other man rabidly anti-Negro from the start, Faubus claimed: "I am the most liberal Governor in the South." And he was.

But he changed. And how he changed! Almost overnight he became the hero of the most rabid Negro-haters. And why? Because he found himself slipping.

He was losing his popularity. The votes were slipping away. And Orval Faubus looked at the future. He was Governor but what would happen when he was no longer Governor? Where would he go? Certainly not back to Greasy Creek. How would he earn his living? Certainly not by hoeing rows of corn.

So Orval decided to stay where he is, at Little Rock, the Governor of Arkansas. And so he became the Orval Faubus the world knows. But he has gone too far. For Faubus there is no hope. His father shakes his head, "over his son." "There's one thing Orval always hated—to be looked down on."

Dr. SALK MOVES ON

MOST delighted scientist in America at the news that Britain is now going to import the Salk anti-polio vaccine is Jonas Edward Salk.

"It is great good news," the 42-year-old dapper doctor told me when I contacted him at his laboratory in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"I don't say that because I have any proprietary interest in it. There really isn't such a thing, medically speaking, as 'Salk vaccine.' All I did was to demonstrate that vaccination against polio was possible. From then on it was out of my hands. But I am always pleased to hear that any country is taking the fullest precautions against a polio epidemic."

"Believe me, I would be just as pleased if the British were making the vaccine out of cheese scraped from the moon."

Dr Salk is neat in appearance, precise in speech, tidy in every gesture. He could be the graying, spectacled, elderly doctor in any patent medicine advertisement.

He remains untouched and unenriched by his world fame. "Naturally when you first inoculate 'children against polio, you don't sleep well for two or three weeks," he said. "But I had the courage of my convictions. I couldn't have recommended the vaccine unless I had been more critical of myself than others were of me. It was courage, based on confidence not on daring. And it was confidence based on experience."

The vaccine has now been tried in Australia, America, Canada, Israel, Denmark and many other countries where it has given complete protection.

It was typical of Salk that his own three children, whom he describes as "Little Indians," were among the first batch of volunteers to be vaccinated. He is a man who collects facts as some people collect old coins. And he never commits himself to an opinion until he is certain that every fact has been tested and proved true.

"I just follow my fancy until things begin to look promising. I can't tell what I am grappling with now. But I only hope that some day it may turn to produce something as valuable as the polio vaccine."

'I hope that some day I may produce something as valuable as the polio vaccine'

something as valuable as the polio vaccine'

Fit for the Queen

MOST spectacular moment in any official tour of New York is the funeral-slow drive through the canyons of Wall Street as the tons of ticker tape snow down from the brokers' windows.

At the office of New York's Official Greeter, 72-year-old Commissioner Richard Patterson I discovered how carefully this demonstration must be planned.

I learned that few modern brokers, in fact, now use paper tape on their stock market machines. The share quotations

are usually printed on plastic ribbons which can be erased and re-used indefinitely. In order to obtain sufficient paper to make a Hollywood-sized downpour, a few old-fashioned brokers have been saving their paper for six months at the request of the Commissioner.

Sacks of it are collected by the City sanitation department each week and rationed out to each firm with a window overlooking the parade. When the Royal cavalcade has passed, the streets will be ankle-deep in litter. Then the same sanitation men will return with barrows and brooms and water-carts to sweep up the debris. This is only one of the many organisation problems which daily harass the office of the Official Greeter.

Even the Royal menu for luncheon at the Waldorf has been discussed and analysed and re-written by dozens of American and British officials. In the tiny print between the hors d'oeuvre and the pudding, there may lurk the cause of a diplomatic incident or at least, a social solecism. For this reason, I discovered, the entry "Tartar Sauce" was removed last week-end after much serious etymological argument.

100 baffled authors send for Mrs Saunders

WHEN I met Mrs Joan St George Saunders in her flat overlooking Pelham Crescent she was sitting behind a pile of reference books chasing up some important facts.

(a) Who manufactured the first electric light bulb?

(b) What is the latest thing in deep-sea diving equipment?

(c) Which was the first or the latest homes to be opened to the public?

Mrs Saunders was not, as one might have expected, boning up for a TV quiz programme. Nor was she trying to improve her general knowledge. She runs a European-wide organisation called Writers' and Speakers' Research, whose headquarters is the book-lined study of her own soberly elegant flat.

HOMEWORK

This is the only literary information bureau in the world and it gives her plenty of homework.

"We do anything we can to help authors—except write their books for them," says Mrs Saunders, a tall, handsome woman in her early fifties with a brisk manner and sharp sense of humour.

There are well over a hundred authors—from popular historians to skin-diving experts—receiving help at the moment. To cope with inquiries, some of them highly specialised, Mrs Saunders has a reserve of 60-odd researchers on call at short notice. She also has representatives in three European capitals and in New York.

for women graduates with babies," says this London University graduate, who has two children (now grown up) of her own. "I can only give them temporary jobs, and the pay is small—£10 for a week's work—but they do love having a chance to stretch their brains."

ALL-ROUND

Mrs Saunders herself is the only full-time researcher. She is also something of an all-round expert.

"But I started without any qualifications at all," she says cheerfully. When her husband, writer Hillary St George Saunders, former House of Commons librarian, died suddenly in 1951, she began looking round vaguely for something to do. A qualified doctor, she was considering going back into practice. "Unfortunately my medicine was a bit rusty."

Then out of the blue a friend, writer Robert Henriques, suggested that she start an information bureau for writers like himself.

"A party of us were lunching in a restaurant," she recalls. "It was a good lunch, and we got rather carried away by the idea. I remember drafting out the circular there and then. But I didn't think the idea would catch on for a moment."

The idea has been catching on steadily for two years. Names like Peter Fleming and Andre Maurois crop up regularly on her card index. And a couple weeks' queries could be guaranteed to tie the Brains Trust in knots.

—She answers

queries that would

tie the Brains Trust

in knots . . .



Joan St. George Saunders.

by JOCASTA INNES

self in a matter of minutes. "Like finding out where the first unexploded bomb fell in London. The secret of research is knowing where to look for things," she observes.

But she also accepts gargantuan inquiries that involve six months' work by a team of a dozen researchers.

"One writer asked us to supply every known fact about Roman life in 300 A.D. That kept my classicalists busy for months. And here," she added, giving a mammoth filing cabinet a friendly kick, "we've got a whole man."

The man was a well-known English Jew who died recently leaving his biographer marooned in a roomful of personal papers. "He passed the job of classifying them on to us. It took us six months. The deceased kept everything," she exclaimed得意fully.

scientists," and what she calls "lunatic inquiries."

TWO PEOPLE

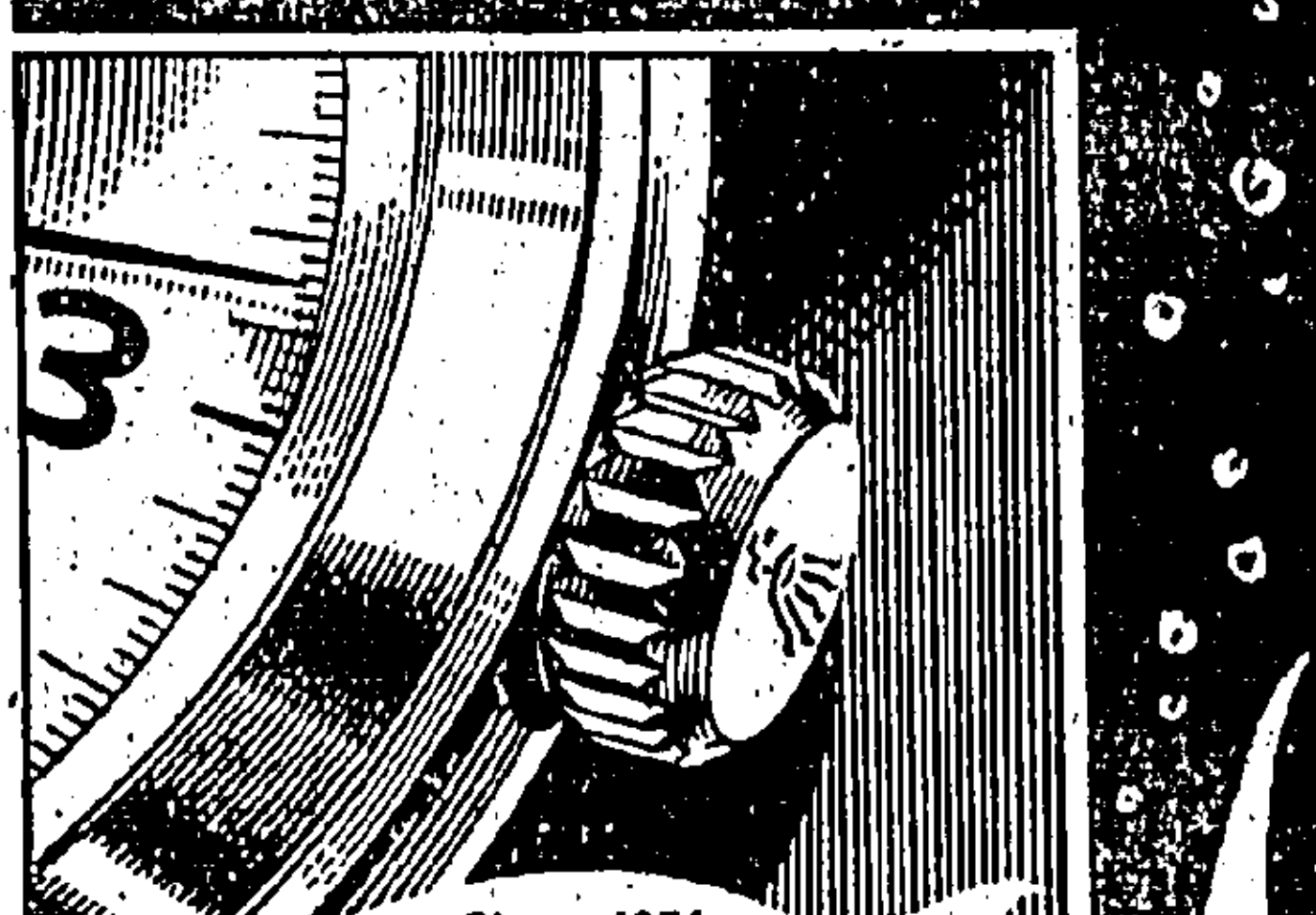
"A television programme once asked me to dig up two people named Brandy and Soda. I was in Somerset House for days. But I was happy to find that there are no Brandies or Sodas in the country," she remarked tartly. She has not done any television work since.

In her spare time—"This isn't a nine to six job at all"—Mrs Saunders follows up her private interests. All I noticed of a restful and relaxing nature. She knits, cooks, potters about the garden, goes to the theatre and reads omnivorously.

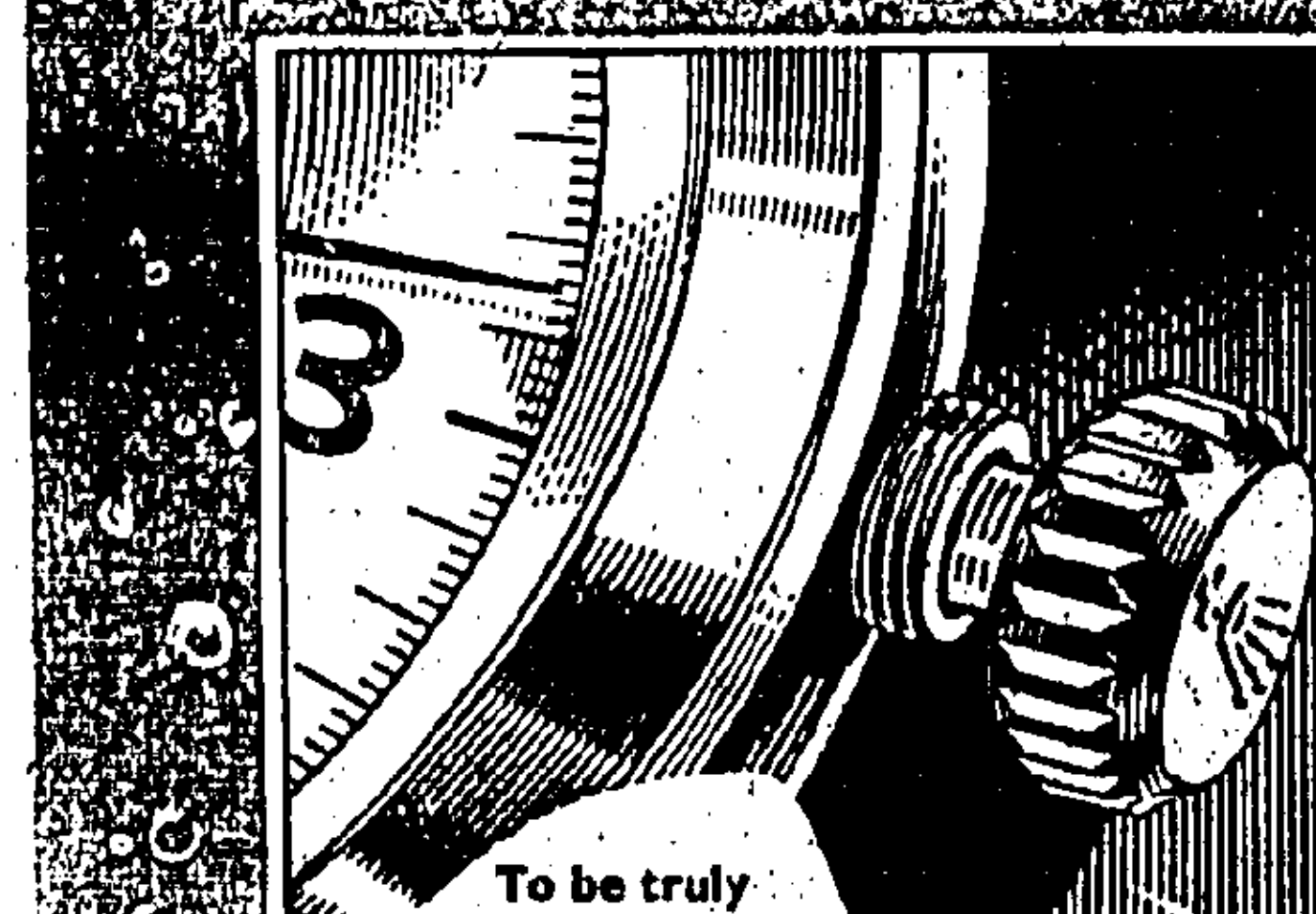
But she does not write. "Writers rarely make good researchers and good researchers frequently don't make good writers," she said. "Which is just as well, both for the writers, and for Mrs Saunders and her 60-odd researchers." (London Express Service)

27 fathoms down

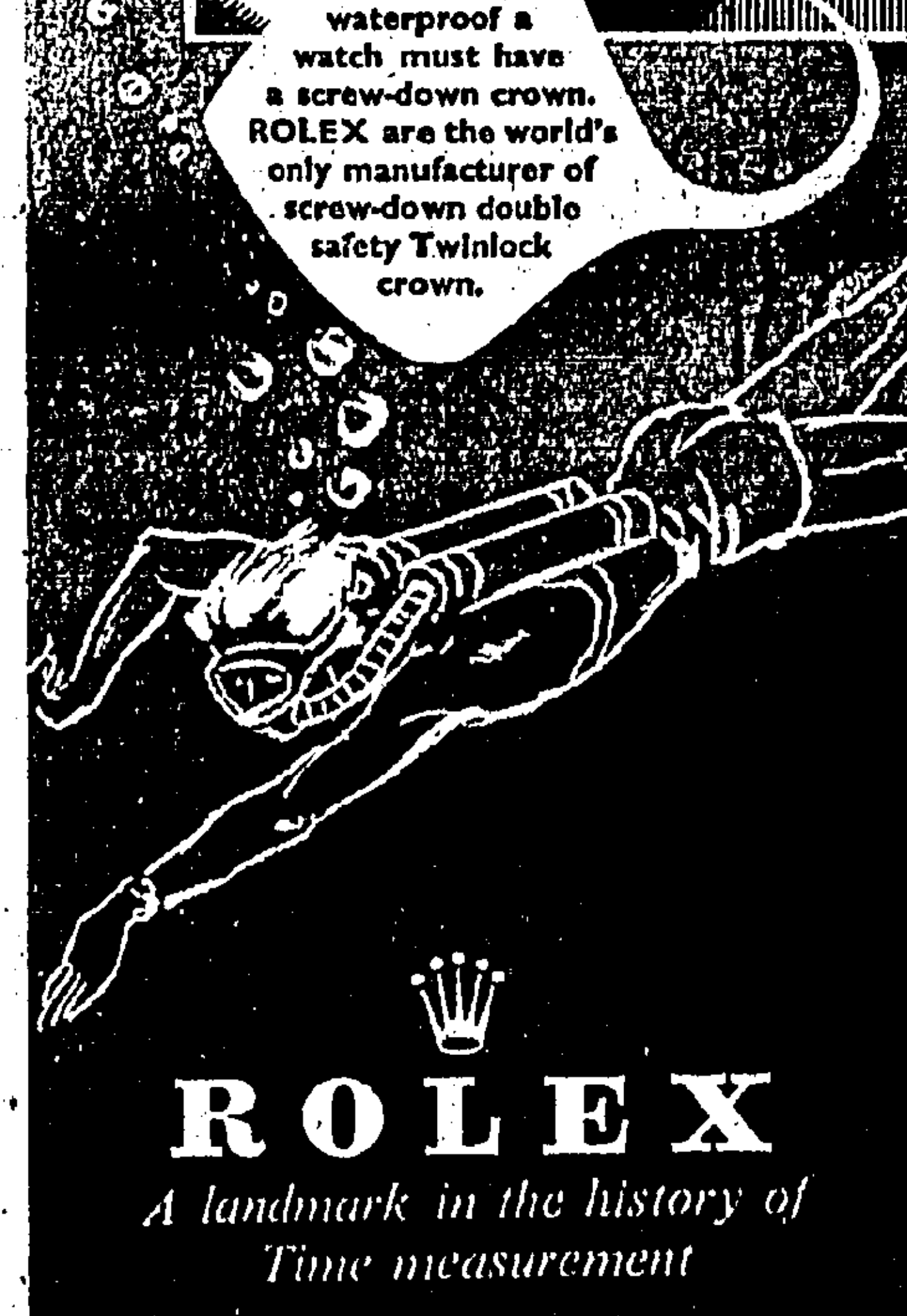
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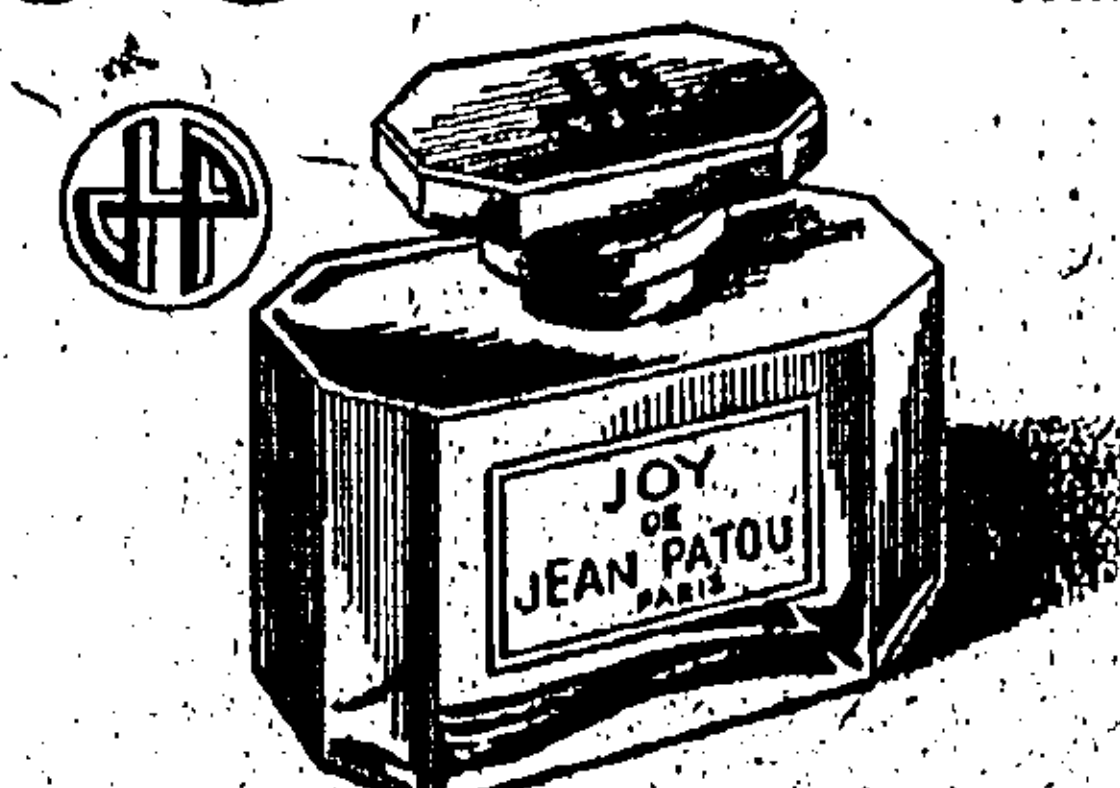
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★ ★ SHOWPAGE INTRODUCES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ MISS PUCK OF POKFULAM ★ ★

TEN - YEAR - OLD Larry looks up from his lines and says:

"If Mama had had quads instead of just Nelly Jane — I'd rather not have been born. One sister like her is as much as a man can stand. Four would be just terrible."

This industrious and very self-assured young man was sitting at a square table, beautifully carved, and looked up to make his remark as an affluent bank manager might do from his desk. The table was strewn with exercise books and had been specially brought into the drawingroom so that his ten-year-old occupant could preside over the family conversation and do his homework at the same time.

He did both with great energy, conducting most of the conversation himself, and covering pages with neat lines of writing.

A glance over his shoulder — an underhand trick that led to a drawingroom incident — showed the lines to read:

"I must not talk in line
I must not talk in line
I must not . . ."

The elder sister who has been so rudely introduced was lying at the time, something between sprawled and curled up, in the corner of the sofa. It was a bright Puck's face and a very decorative pile of long white arms and legs flung down haphazardly (it seemed independently) upon the leather upholstery.

The time was 7 p.m. Sweetmeats on a side table at her elbow showed that she had just had breakfast, and that the very brief costume which she decorated (there was considerably more of her than there was of it) was probably her pyjamas.

and a very full University Year

"What is your name?" I date from the Diplomatic Corps in an age of considerably greater elegance and leisure than diplomacy boasts today.

"Which one?"

"Well, I suppose we ought to have the lot."

"Shuen Chu Helene Nellie Jane Tehou Chin-yui."

(It was also at one time "Yi-fuu" . . . because that name was considered one that would bring good fortune, and special cards were circulated to announce the change. And of course it did bring good luck because it brought her father, whom she had not seen for seven years, back from the United States for a visit.)

Dividing the names up, and dealing with them one at a time, we get:

SHUEN

. . . was the pile of very white (one might say air-conditioned) arms and legs lying on the leather sofa, and has already been introduced. This was Puck at home. She lives in a busy drawingroom, backed up by one of the best chefs in Kowloon, and she can meet nearly everyone worth meeting in the Chinese film and academic world without leaving her leather corner.

To say why so many interesting and influential people gather in this room would be to hazard a guess. But to give the perfectly unenlightened guess of a foreigner:

● It is an obviously old and aristocratic Chinese family, and shows every sign that it has not forgotten its place in the world.

● It is presided over by Shuen's extremely dignified mother — a lady whose memories, even of Europe,

● It somehow contrives, because of its visitors, to be in the centre of things still. Conversation, as in the best English drawingrooms 100 years ago, is rather ahead of the times of the newspapers. And it is laced with roars of laughter — usually after sallies from Miss Puck herself, or from the man of the house, when he is not too busy committing to memory the names of places at La Salle College in which he is not supposed to talk.

● Up to date in tone, and blessed with such Western necessities as a five horsepower air conditioner capable of freezing one's marrow in midsummer, it remains a Chinese home. . . . not a fanciful imitation of The Bronx, or Little Rock.

● . . . and, my word, what a cook!

HELENE

The second girl on this list doesn't really exist. She is a fanciful invention of Professor Blunden.

True to Chinese tradition, Puck decided that Professor Blunden was the most distinguished Englishman who was ever likely to teach her anything, so she asked him to give her a name. Professor Blunden analysed the problem with the greatest clarity. The family name (pronounced "Chu") is spelt in the astonishing French romanisation "Tehou." Her common name was Nellie. "Nellie," I suppose, must be the short for Helen. And "Helen," with some kind of accent on it somewhere, sounds French. And Puck, anyway, looks as

by
William
Smyly

Hongkong's own
Francoise Sagan
CHIN YUI is not
just a gifted writer.
She is a gifted
film actress too.



if she might like to "sound French." So the new pupil was christened . . . "HELENE TCHOU."

To do her justice, Helene did her best. The name, complete with accent (which must have set a horrible problem to the printers—it has given me a headache already in this article) was printed in numbers of University theatrical programmes. Cards with the spelling were circulated to announce the change of personality. But when I rang up Lady Ho Tung Hall one day, no one—not even her room mate . . .

the room mate incidentally was another star of the Hongkong University's theatrical heaven—that exquisite Viola of its last 12th Night: Anne Choy.

. . . not even Anne, who had appeared in the same programme with the impostor, had the foggiest notion who this HELENE TCHOU was. A lengthy description, and mention of the programme and the prologue, at last brought the cry, "Oh! You mean . . ."

"NELLIE JANE TCHOU!"

And this third person in the list is at last getting somewhere near the heart of the story—for she trots up to get her degree at Hongkong University on Monday, with second class honours in English and Chinese Literature. But how she got her degree is a mystery, I think, even to herself.

This same Nellie Jane was once accused by a heart-headed lecturer of being drunk. All she had done was to turn in a most beautiful essay about Pope. I am personally prepared to vouch for the fact that it was a masterpiece. I wouldn't have minded putting my own name at the bottom.

(Honesty compels me to state that Nellie was not quite as impressed with it as I was. Humility, perhaps.)

POCKET CARTOON

By OSBERT LANCASTER

INFANTS



"I told you, Doreen wasn't going to let us forget that she was once chucked under the chin by whom? Under Mr. Malinkov."

But it was rather as a writer of Chinese than English that this Puck has excelled during the year. For the main part of the year's work was taken on by the last girl that shares this highly split personality . . .

CHIN YUI

Leaving out all the activities of all the other characters that Puck has portrayed during the year . . . the University finalist stepping daintily from the Star Ferry in the blue blazer and skirt . . . the lady at ease in the boisterous salon . . . the amateur actress rushing to rehearsals and waxing "arty" with other students in grease paint and tights, and calling for the attention of Father Sheridan . . . apart from all these, this same Chin Yui has published a translation into Chinese (very well reviewed) of a novel by Henry James, starred in a film with Lin Dai (the shooting took place at Eucliff, overlooking Repulse Bay, and occupied the last month before the University final examinations); written two full film scripts under her contract as a staff script writer, and published several long articles in the Chinese magazine press.

And of course she has been frequently written up herself in the same magazines . . . "one of the most exceptional young Chinese writers today."

Where does she get her material from . . . this Hongkong Sagan aged 22?

Among her other sidelines, she is an expert and renowned reader of horoscopes. When she is in the mood to read visitors crowd to her home. They come "people of all classes", she claims. I can only vouch for the fact that they come in all shapes, sizes, and ages in their Sunday best. She has only to say a sympathetic word, after working out a few signs and patterns and looking up clues in the mystery book, and they draw a deep breath; their eyes shine; and their whole life story pours out before her in a flood of oratory that is attributed entirely to her mystic power and used to spread her fame.

The only wonder, after listening in to a session or two of this, is how Puck has managed to confine herself to two scripts, instead of producing them . . . five at the end of every horoscope evening.

What is she doing now?

Apart from going up to get her honours degree (picked up as a kind of sideline, but don't most students do the same? One man row for Jesus. Another plays for England. This girl just quietly made a fortune) she is under contract to the

Motion Picture and General Investment Co. who expect her to double as actress and script writer.

One of her scripts is in production at the moment in Japan . . . "The Scarlet Doll", starring Lin Dai. The Scarlet Doll, in technicolour, is to cost the unprecedented sum for a Chinese film of \$600,000. Elaborate preparations are already under way to give the film a worldwide distribution.

These preparations may include dubbing an English dialogue with English voices, specially contracted and trained . . . and some of them here in Hongkong.

But talking about her film, this pile of alabaster legs and arms in the leather sofa dismisses it casually as "Oh! the usual recipe . . . love, attempted murder, sweat, and vice: Naturally it is about someone more sinned against than sinning!"

Lin Dai herself, she assured me (rather to my disappointment) preserves a spotless character in the film.

The film is a social satire . . . a satirical comedy.

How much money does she make?

"Let's miss that question shall we?" she says. And the look that went with the answer broke my pencil and made a hole in the paper.

It also made me forget to ask for "vital statistics"—but they're pretty good.

The kind of vital statistics I did get go like this:

Sleep—4½ hours a day, normally starting around 8 a.m.

Reading speed—(English or Chinese) 80 pages an hour.

Writing speed—(rationed) 5,000 words a night.

Letter writing—never.

Ambition—to write and act her own play, and write a play in English.

Ideal character—"Straight characters are too difficult. I want something nice and evil."

Heart?

According to her doctor—she's got a hole in it. According to her, she's got none.

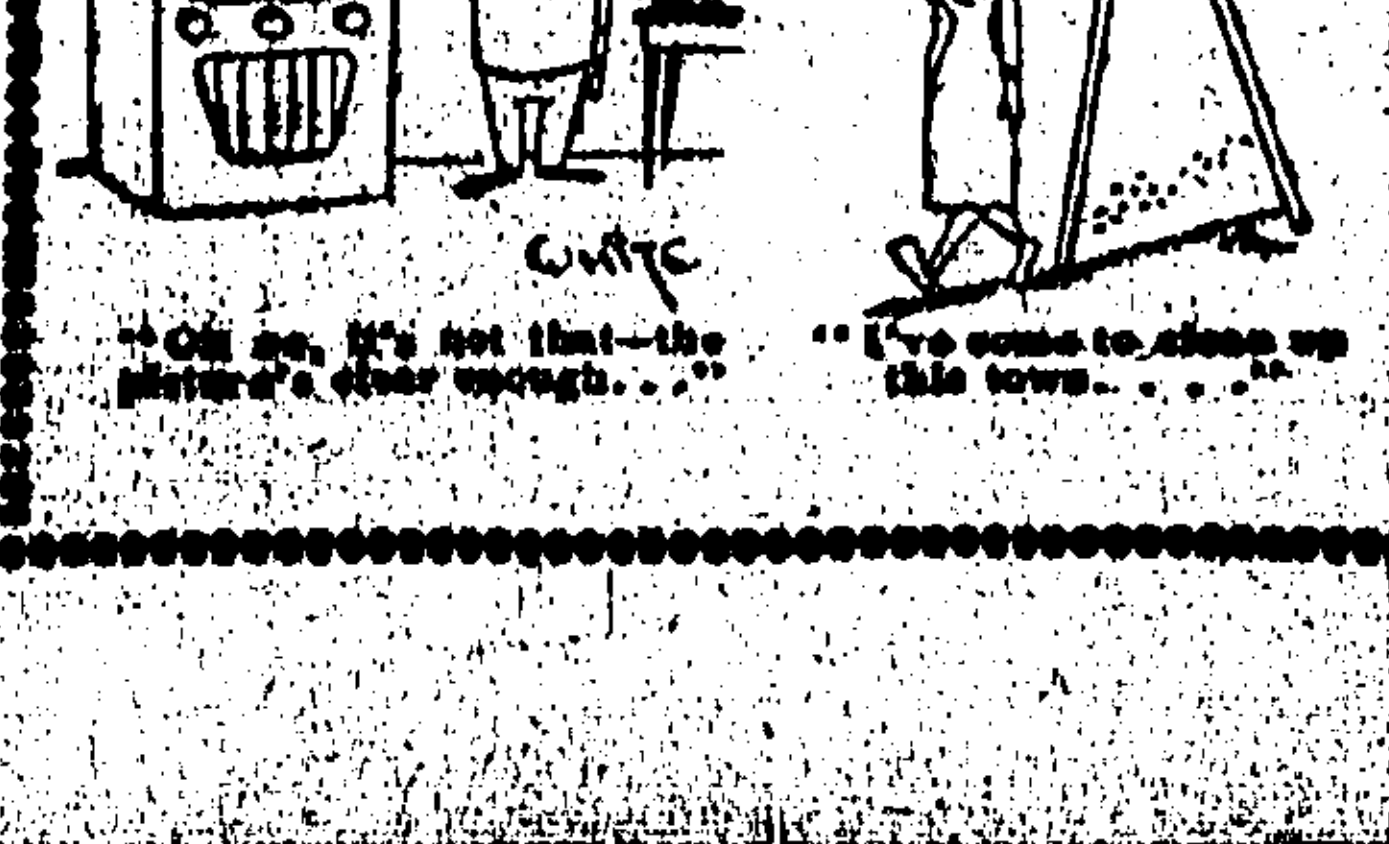
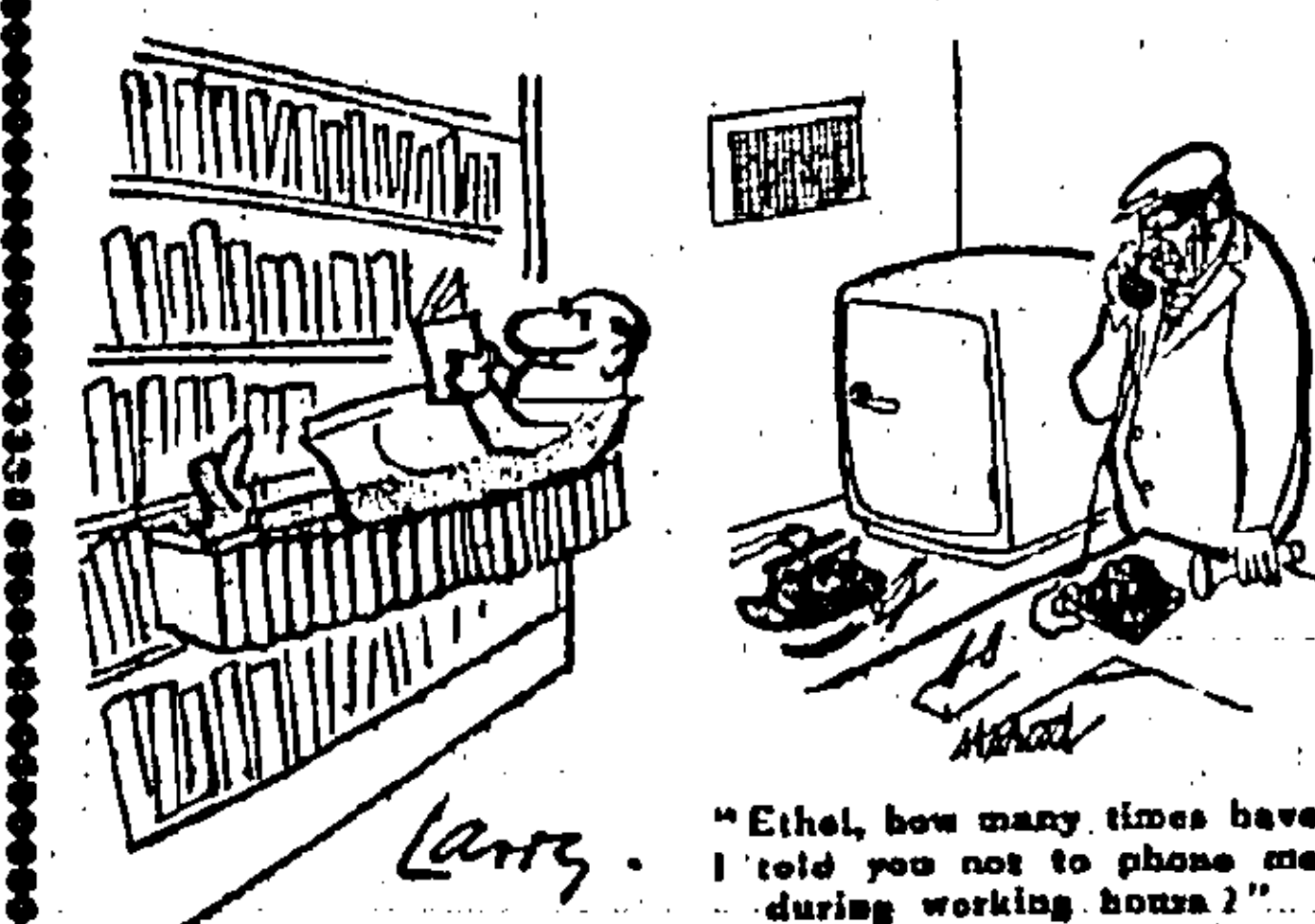
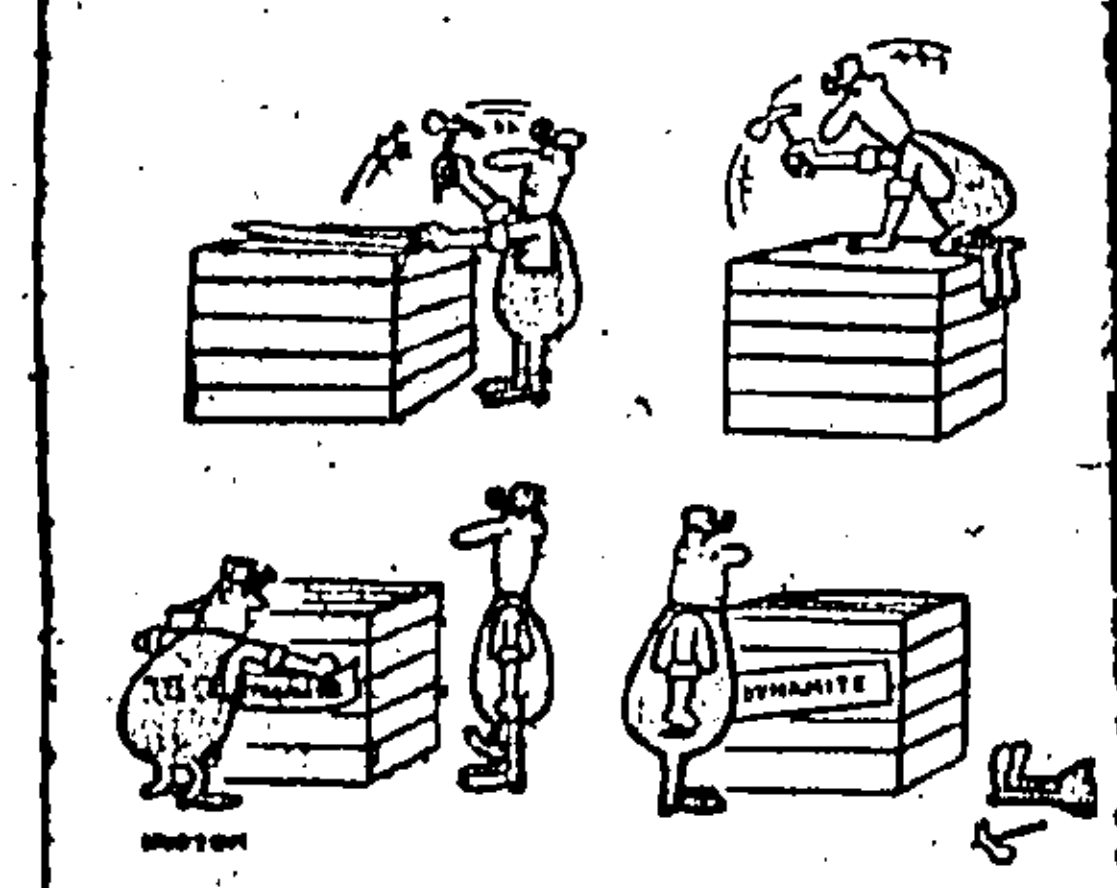
Boyfriends?

I didn't risk asking about that, but the young brother Larry got \$10 for a magazine article recently which helps out.

He writes: "My sister has lots of very nice boyfriends whom she treats disgracefully. But I don't mind. They all (or most of them) buy me ice cream."

When I rang up the house recently there was a noise over the telephone. I asked "What's that?" Her cousin replied, "Oh that's Shuen—playing the mandolin." Another day she was taking singing lessons. And another day she was dancing. Perhaps that is the best background on one of the girls who collects her degree on Monday. Somewhere, I think, we'll be hearing more of this one—as of course, we will also hear more of many of the others.

ZANIES



PHILIPS records



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- P 77102 L C'est le bon Temps.
Stardust: The man I love; Cocktails for two; Blue sky; Amor, amor; Begin the beguine; Charmaine; Lambeth walk; Jeppers creepers; Whispering; Charleston; Diboney; Peanut venter; Ramona; Old man river; Blue moon; Symphony; Solitude; Tea for two; Easy to love and others.
Fred Freed and Jacques Breux piano.
- N 77302 L Ole, Flamenco.
El emigrante; El Inolusero; Platerito cordobes; Sentir de la Alhambra; Doble la guitarra; Caracoles castaneros; Aires de Triana; Dolores la Decena; Llanito serrano; Soy la aguja de Huelva; Villancico Cadizano; El beso; El rey de la carretera; Mi vida es el canto; Sentir arabe; Mi giralda. With Juanito Valderrama & Lolita Ceballero Orch. dir. Joaquin Escolles Camps.
- N 77305 L Musiques de films.
Sotto il Baobab; Oh Dankan; La complainte de la Butte; Le Grisi; Sur le pave de Paris; Johnny Guitar; Tant de vous; Bonjour Paris; Gelsomina; Battitura; Contadini del mare; Si tu m'aimais; Le Fifi; Smile.
Michel Legrand and his orchestra.
- B 08105 L An American in Vienna.
Ich muss wieder einmal in Grinzling sein; I was an Wein; Silbowitz-Tanze; Das ist ein Wein; A Bissel Grinzling Bissel Sievering; I und der Mond; Erst wann's aus wird sein; Das alte Lied; Aber g'rebelt muss er sein; Wera unser lieber Herrgott; Schloffer-Tanze; I komm aus Grinzling; Ich hab' mir fur Grinzling ein'n Dienstmann engagiert; Whistling Song from 'Frühlingseilf'; Yedling song with-out words; Mutterlied; Die alte Zahnradbahn; In Maria Enzersdorf; I marschier mit mein Dull Dulch Louise Marlini and William Gurrin.
- B 08106 L Trovador Tropical.
Ay, Jalisco no te rejes; Venganza; Chavala; Maria Bonita; Uno; Cuerdas de mi guitarra; El tiempo sera testigo; El dia que me quieras; Quilcreme; Luna de Mexico; Se va el calman; Te quiero. Luis Alberto del Parana with Andres Pereira and his Orchestra.

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WOMEN'S PAGE

The Rise of the Redhead

MY vote for the girl most likely to succeed this autumn goes to the lady whose hair (whether by nature or art) looks like a copper leaf.

The firm that produces one of the most popular lines in semi-permanent rinses—no one speaks the rude word "dye" any more—says that Golden Chestnut, Auburn, and Deep Auburn now top the list of colours in demand.

Since the war, what pretty little actress-type girls have got themselves made into international myths and objects of widespread worship?

I'd say first Grace Kelly, as nice a mixture of health, purity, and sophistication as the curl of lemon peel in a dry martini; everything a blonde ought to be.

And then Audrey Hepburn, introvert, never quite untensed, with endlessly brimming eyes; everything a brunette ought to be. (Let no one remind me of Marilyn Monroe. She is no fashion but rather a contemporary manifestation of a basic truth about humanity. In one form or another, she has always been with us).

Innocents

I NOW take it to be the turn of the redheads, the way these things go in well-ordered cycles; and of two redheads in particular, both tapping their tiny pointed fingers on the modest cottage door of the film industry, like a couple of innocent Little Red Riding Hoods standing about waiting to be gobbled up.

The first is Suzy Parker. Now Suzy Parker is sister to the model Cecil Beaton has sometimes described as the greatest, Dorian Leigh (I seem to remember once learning that there was yet a third sister in this astonishing family and that she was called, though it may seem too good to be true, Georgia Belle).

Dorian's little sister Suzy has wild shoulder-length hair, the colour of new pennies, looks ravishing. In sugar-plum, has often played a dizzy Galatea to the Pygmalion of fashion photographer Avedon's camera, and is frequently photographed in a whirlwind flurry of movement so that among the more statuesque and indolent girls she has the look of a crazy speedboat that has got loose among a lot of stately and becalmed yachts.

Having learned the other side of the camera from masters she has tried her hand at fashion photography without extravagant success. And she has had a shot at acting in films.

Someone should really see to it that Miss Parker presses on with the film career. It seems

Household Hints

If you press a garment between wadding, first sponge out any stains. If these aren't removed, they will be set by the heat of the iron.

Never wring out glass fibre or acetate taffeta materials after laundering. These fabrics, whether curtains or a fluffy petticoat, should be washed without scrubbing, hung up to drip dry.

to me absolutely immaterial whether or not she can act. Having red-headed beauties like Miss Parker just ought to stand frequently in front of the cameras, while other plainer girls pick up the dramatic fragments of the story.

A change

MY second redhead, who used to be a brunette but felt the trend of the time, is Marie-Helene Arnould, aged 23, hair the colour of a rich, ripe conker, and cut in that extremely expensive, casual way that looks as though you can't find the time to brush it out of your eyebrows.

Where Suzy is open-air and Transatlantic and all-American girlish with only a trace of the exotic, Mademoiselle Arnould is sparrow-boned, Latin, and fragile, looking daintily at the big world from "out of the golden eyes of a cautious little russet-coloured fox."

And her film career has started with a role in "Gigi."

Tradition

NOT all the popular myths about redheads are true. You can have blazing red hair without freckles, or a dangerous temper, or green eyes, or Irish parentage.

But something odd, magical, different, very interesting to red-headed girls in countries where they are in a minority—maybe only as a result of having rebelled against being called "Ginger" and "Carrots" as a child.

It is impossible to imagine the implicit verve of Kay Kendall without that sparkling crown of hers—it even melted Rex Harrison.

It is impossible to imagine Arlene Dahl, one of the most beautiful women alive, with anything but red hair. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for Peggy Ashcroft to wear a copper-coloured pony tail wig when she played Cleopatra (the ironic legend was that the hair came from a cornucopia).

Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stewart were inevitable red-heads. So was the flame-coloured eccentric Marquessa Casati, the darling of the 'twenties, who went to fancy dress parties wearing a chained leopard, or dressed as Saint Sebastian stuck full of arrows that should have lit up electrically had not the marquessa short-circuited herself at the last moment.

Revival

POSSIBLY the craze for red hair (and there are countless red-toned rinses on the market) is yet another angle on the 'twenties revival. For it was in the 'twenties that Clara Bow, the It Girl, made a passionate picture called "Red Hair," with a script by the most fiery and fabulous redhead of them all, the green-eyed Eleanor Glyn, who enjoyed reclining on tiger skins.

"A girl with such an appearance must be bad! Red hair and black cyclopes and green eyes! No really, nice woman creature could have colouring like that! She must be cloned!"—so she ironically, but with more than a touch of self-congratulation in the exclamation marks, wrote in her diary. Stone the redheaded! A sassy thought for those bored by the potted pleasures of skiffle and the tepidness of coffee, that these days lurk under the three inches of froth.

Temptation and tango-lean and burning passion could be just around the corner. The redheaded girls are back.

SIRIOL HUGH JONES

Are You The Clinging Type?

EDGAR BERGEN, the American ventriloquist, is a man with a good word for the English woman.

"The one thing I noticed when I arrived in London was the wonderful English voice. You see—I am used to listening to voices—and oh, how wonderful a good English voice seems to me after those high-pitched, jerky American voices."

"When a woman speaks she gives away a lot, you know. You can tell if she is affected, insincere, or, most of all, neurotic. Just by her voice on the telephone. And you can tell if she is the clinging-vine type too."

Although Mr Bergen admires the Englishwoman's voice, he is shocked by the terrible way in which so many women seem to try to imitate Americans. "It doesn't sound American, it just sounds stupid."

Revival

THE Victorian view-point has taken the place of the Regency splendour of a few years ago.

Two of the prettiest examples I have seen this week: (1) A charming pink and green trellis wallpaper, selling at only 5s. 2d. a roll. Wonderful for a nursery hall, or a young girl's bedroom. (2) A revival of an old favourite—a Victorian black landscape print transferred to white china, costing 82s. 6d. for a 24-piece tea-set.

Dior's girls

ANNA GAYLOR, the newest of the French screen, is not a fan of Christian Dior, although she can now afford to go to him for her clothes.

"I think Dior is for the very tall and very thin girl," she said. "He is best, I think, for the American girl. I get most of my clothes from little boutiques."

"You see, I was once very poor as a student in Paris, and I used to spend a lot of time gazing in the shop windows and wishing. Now I can go in and buy—and I do just that. I buy an odd sweater, a pretty pair of shoes, a pair of gloves."

Long-haired Anna was wearing a pale grey flannel skirt, a grey cashmere sweater she bought at Glasgow Airport, cream, high-heeled, pointed-toe shoes, no jewellery except a very narrow Swiss gold watch.

"I live in sweaters and skirts, and usually low-heeled shoes. I hate getting dressed up."

"But when I go to see a producer I put on a dress from Dior—be it more feminine—and high-heeled shoes. You see, I am very small," she said.

The woman who wants to wear four tortois

"BELIEVE it or not"—said the elegant young man in the dark grey suit, as he closed the glass doors of his pink-velvet lined cupboard—"she dashed in with four small tortois and said: 'make me a necklace or a couple of clips from these.'"

"They've given me sleepless nights, those tortois. I can't think what to do with them."

The speaker was Michael Gosschalk, a jewellery designer who had just opened a little Aladdin's cave of a shop in Belgrave.

REMADE

The tortois, jewelled ones naturally, were "the property of a lady" (as they say when they don't want to give names) who wanted them broken down and remade into one important piece.

She had seen the brooch he has made for John Siddley's wife.



"Odds and ends," said John, describing it to me. "Some tourmaline earclips I gave her years ago, her engagement ring, a ruby and diamond brooch that somebody left her and a rather tawny little cocktail ring—all combined to make one really lovely flower spray." (I've sketched it.)

Mr Gosschalk has very decided views about English women—jewellery-wise, that is. "They will dot themselves over with little odd bits."

"Frenchwomen are so different. Oh, I know how everyone goes on about the elegance of the

French, but it's true. They concentrate their jewels instead of scattering them."

He's right, too. From precious stones to jewellery of a very different kind. The tiaras, earrings and bracelets that Coral Browne wears in the current production of Hamlet, at the Old Vic, are made from gilt cellophane braid, lurex gauze, gold lidd and Perspex. The result, even at very close quarters, is magnificent.

Patrick Ide, of the Old Vic, invited me to go behind the scenes and see them for myself. "I thought they might have a practical application for your readers," said he. "They can't all go to Cartier."

A NEW LINE

These "jewels" are the work of Barbara Wilkes. "She's done Heraldry—banners and so on—but this is an entirely new line for her. We're thrilled with them and so is Coral. They are so unlike the usual stage jewellery—feather light. Positively Harpelle in feeling, aren't they?"

I thought them quite lovely and can well imagine them, in silver and pearls, making enchanting bridal head-dresses. But "practical application"—no. There's no itchy-bitsy "make yourself a tiara for 3s. 6d." story there.

I'd just as soon advise my readers to buy themselves an old iron bedstead and make themselves a Reg Butler statue.



The long pointed line in shoes is slowly established. In a collection of shoes shown by Christian Dior in London a few days ago this satin slipper with a high jewelled tongue proved most popular. The material is satin and the colour Apricot.—Keystone.

Sweets For The Sweet

By Alice Denhoff

WHEN you feel extra ambitious and the occasion calls for something special, consider preparing Angel Alaska.

To serve 8-10, which makes this a party recipe, combine 1 pkg. chocolate or butterscotch mix and 1 c. water in a small sauce-pan. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and begins to boil.

Blend a little of the hot pudding into 1 beaten egg yolk. Then beat into hot mixture in sauce-pan. Boil a few minutes longer, stirring constantly, then remove from heat.

Slice one medium-sized pound or angel food cake horizontally into 4 equal layers. Place lower layer on an ungreased cookie sheet. Replace layers, spreading 1/4 c.

pudding over lower and middle layers.

Prepare meringue topping by beating 3 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Blend 1/3 c. sugar and 1/4 tsp. vanilla extract gradually. Continue beating until the meringue stands in peaks. Spread meringue over sides and top of stacked cake.

Brown quickly in hot oven (450° F.) for approximately 5 min.

To serve, slice crosswise. For another pretty party special, but one that is easy to fix, have 12 sponge cake shells and 3 pts. ice cream in assorted flavours. Place a small scoop of each of the 3 ice cream flavours in each sponge cake shell. Crush 1 pt. frozen or sweetened fresh berries. Serve the strawberries over each to make 12 colourful, flavourful nose-gay cakes.

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

By JOY MATTHEWS

IT'S scent and sensibility from now on. Women are wearying of buying expensive French perfume at anything from £3 3s. to £21 a bottle—and getting nothing from it but a faint smell that nobody seems to notice.

Once scent was a symbol of sex. Now it is a symbol of money.

For the scent users have found that they cannot make their bottles last for more than a few weeks, and if they do all the fragrance fades tell them to do, for only a few days.

"We find that women just won't pay for expensive perfume these days," said the buyer of the perfumery department of a big store. "At Christmas the men come in and buy it, but the women are going for the eau de Cologne, the lavender, and toilet waters."

SIMPLE

THE reason is simple. If you want to get any effect from scent you must use a lot of it.

The days when a faint dab behind each ear that was so discreet it did not notice are gone. Women have been told to smell nice. They have been

told to use their perfume lavishly and all the time.

They are told: Put scent on your furs, your letters, your sheets, on the hem-line of your

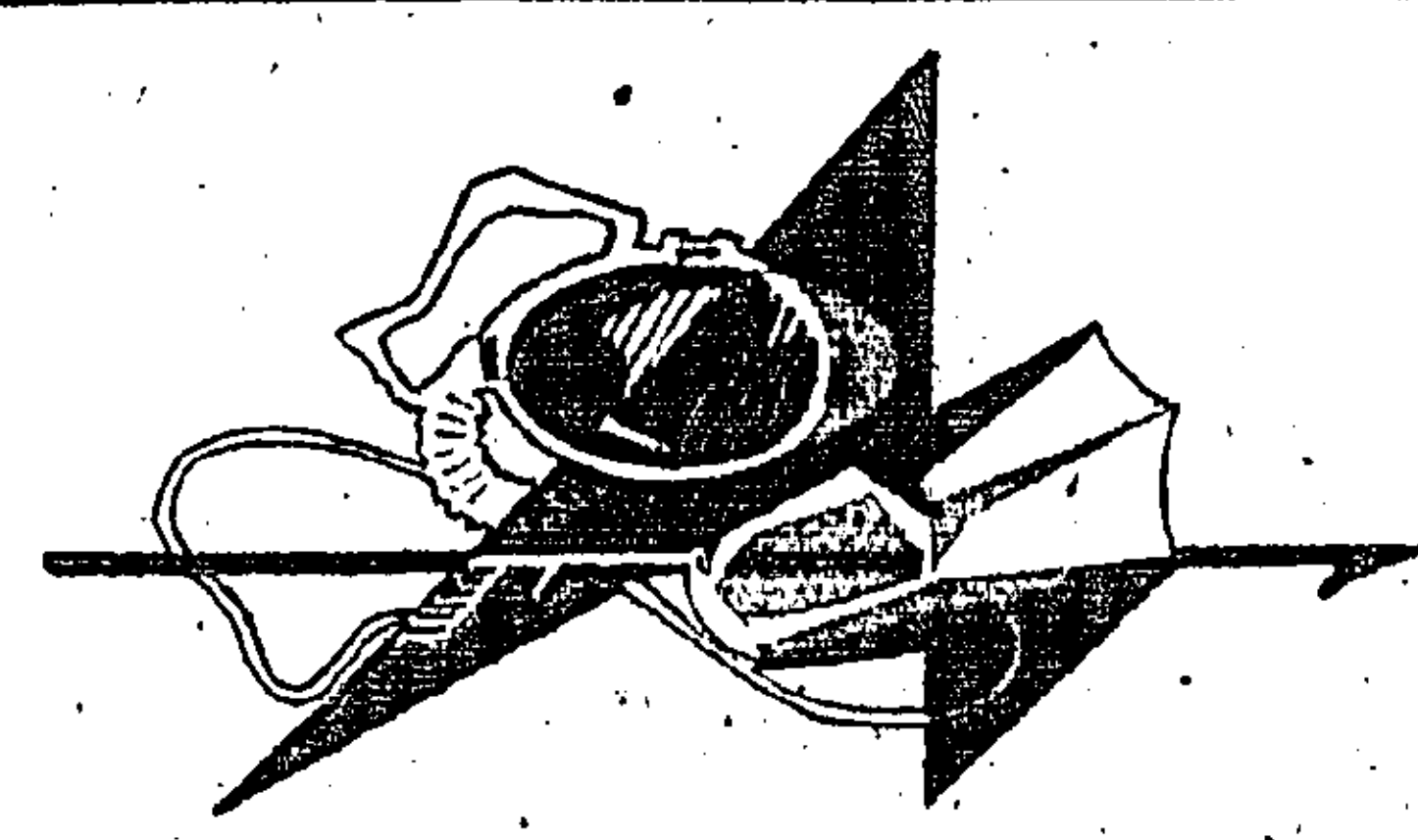
dress, on your petticoat. Sprinkle a little on the ironing board, in the water you rinse your undies in.

The result of all this is that the sweet smell of success is no longer French at £5 5s. a time, but good old English lavender.

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Miss Kamla Gopalpathy's dancing was one of the main features of a programme of hymns, prayers, and ritual at the Hindu Temple, Happy Valley, to celebrate the Indian festival Dassaherra.



RIGHT: Miss Marian Anderson, the American Primadonna, also flew in for two concerts, one at the Queen's Theatre last night attended by the Governor, and one tomorrow at the Hongkong Football Club.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS



LEFT: A former Prime Minister of France, Antoine Pinay, flew in from Taipei on a Far East tour that carries him on from here to Manila. RIGHT: If anyone was warming up for Double Tenth trouble, the appearances were last week that most of them were police. . . and (BELOW) the first of our two national days passes off without incident.



LEFT: Gerald Van Lagenberg and Joyce Osmund at Rosary Church. RIGHT: New York reception at the River Club of Stephen Tso (son of Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Tso, also in the picture) and Miss Miray Lock—both from Hongkong. BELOW: Sir Alexander Grantham with Miss Janet Tomblin, chairman of the Arts Festival Committee, during a tour by the Governor and Lady Grantham.



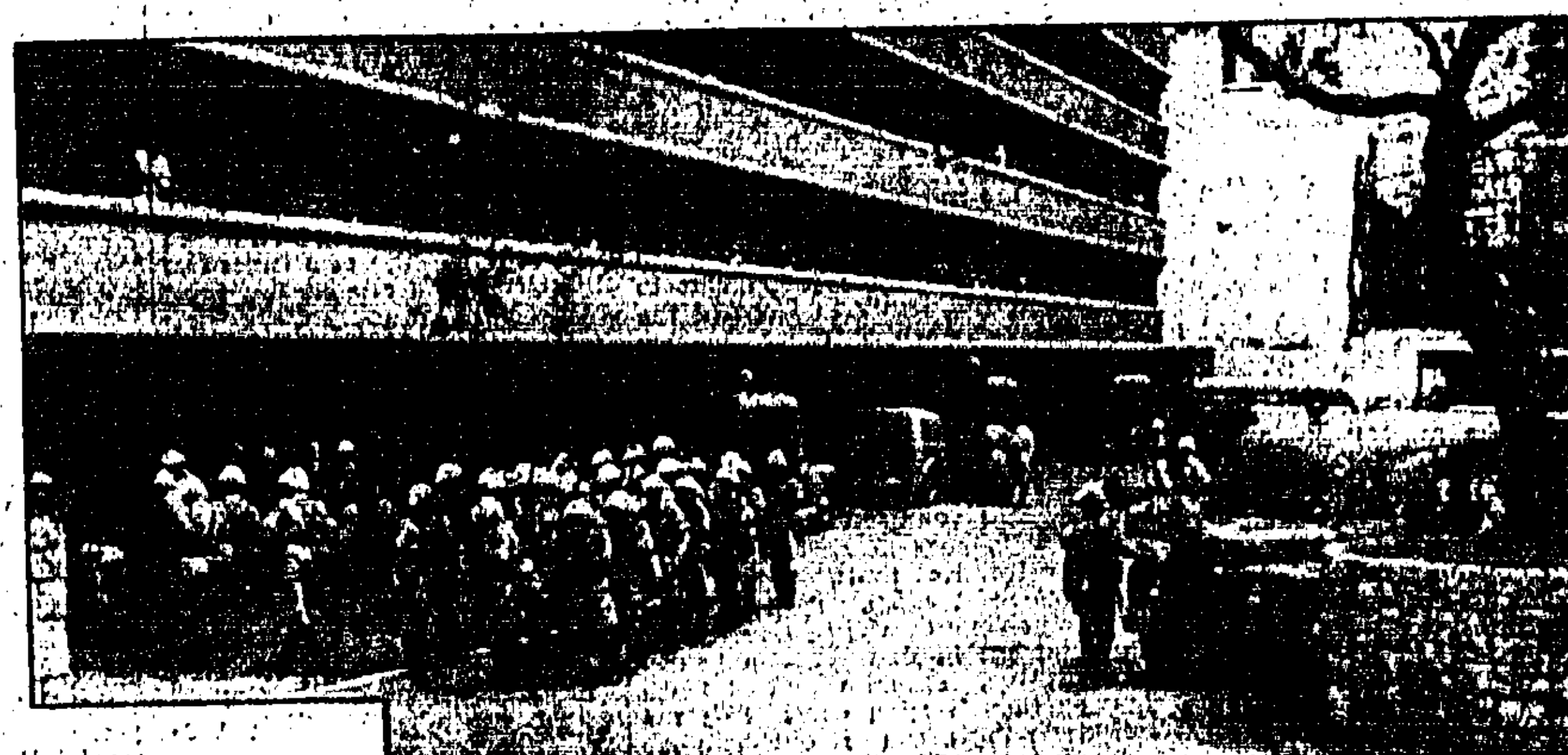
VISITORS BUT NO VIOLENCE

The towering Rt Hon George Ward, Secretary of State for Air added length and strength to an idea gaining weight here that England is ruled by a race of exceptional stature. He arrived with Air Marshal the Earl of Bandon for a tour of RAF establishments in Hongkong.

RIGHT: The 21st Birthday of the J. Arthur Rank organisation at Pinewood is celebrated by a birthday party given by his local agent, Mr G. P. Rearden. Mrs Rearden cuts the cake.



LEFT: the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, passing through on a Trade Promotion mission to Communist China, was another arrival to add substance to our "Lennox-Boyd" picture of size and charm. He backed up the likeness by a frank press conference, and a lightning tour of Hongkong's factories during his stay.





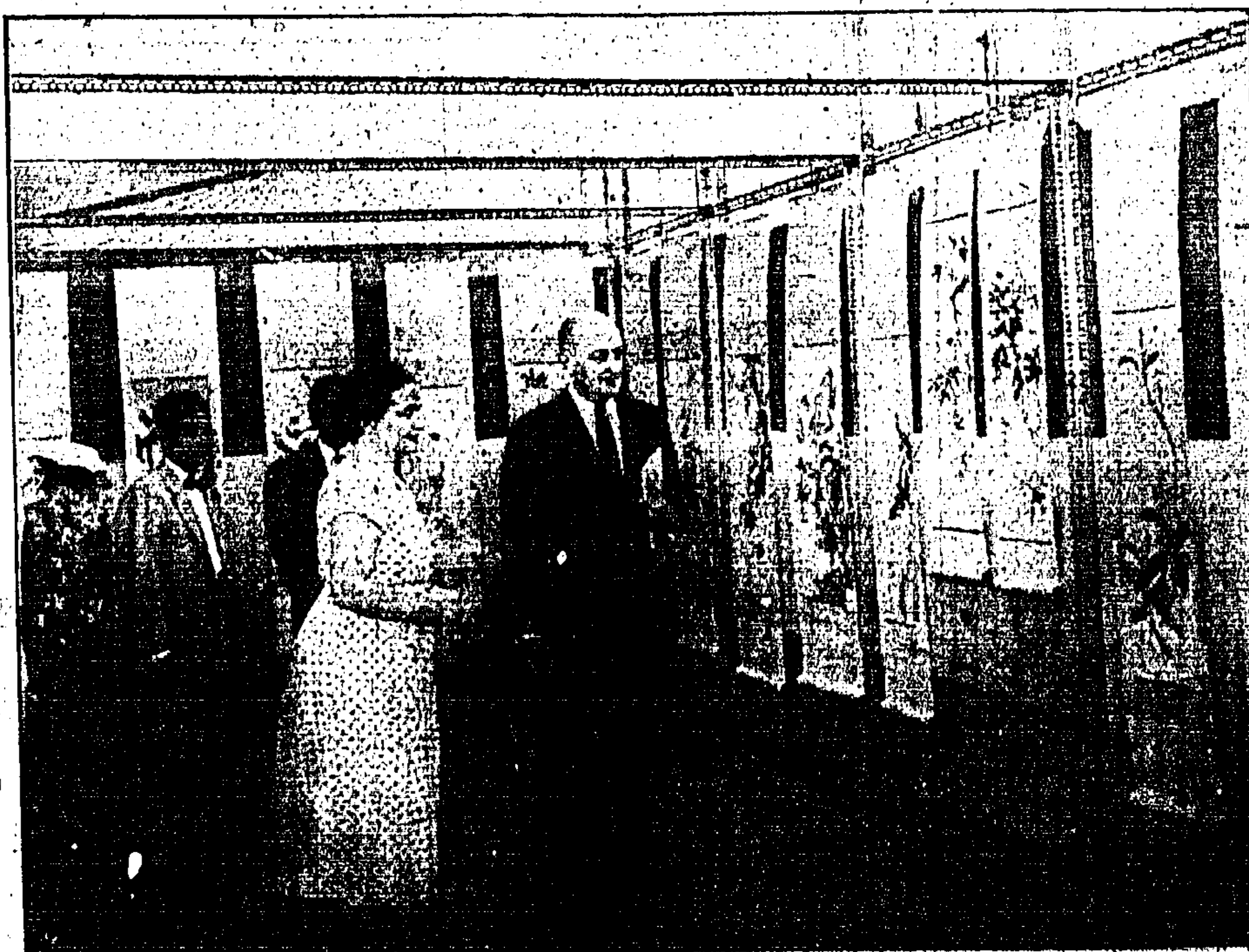
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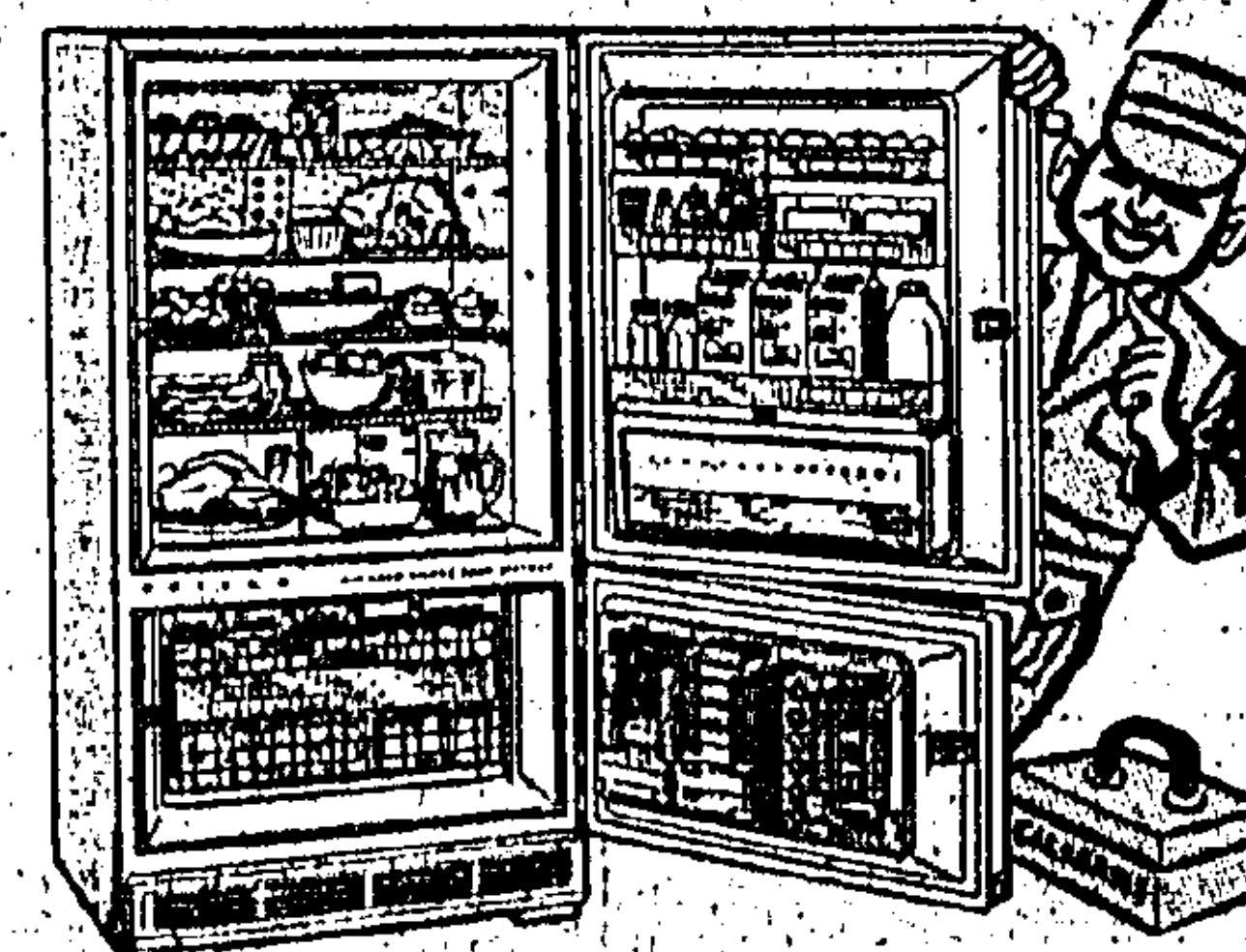
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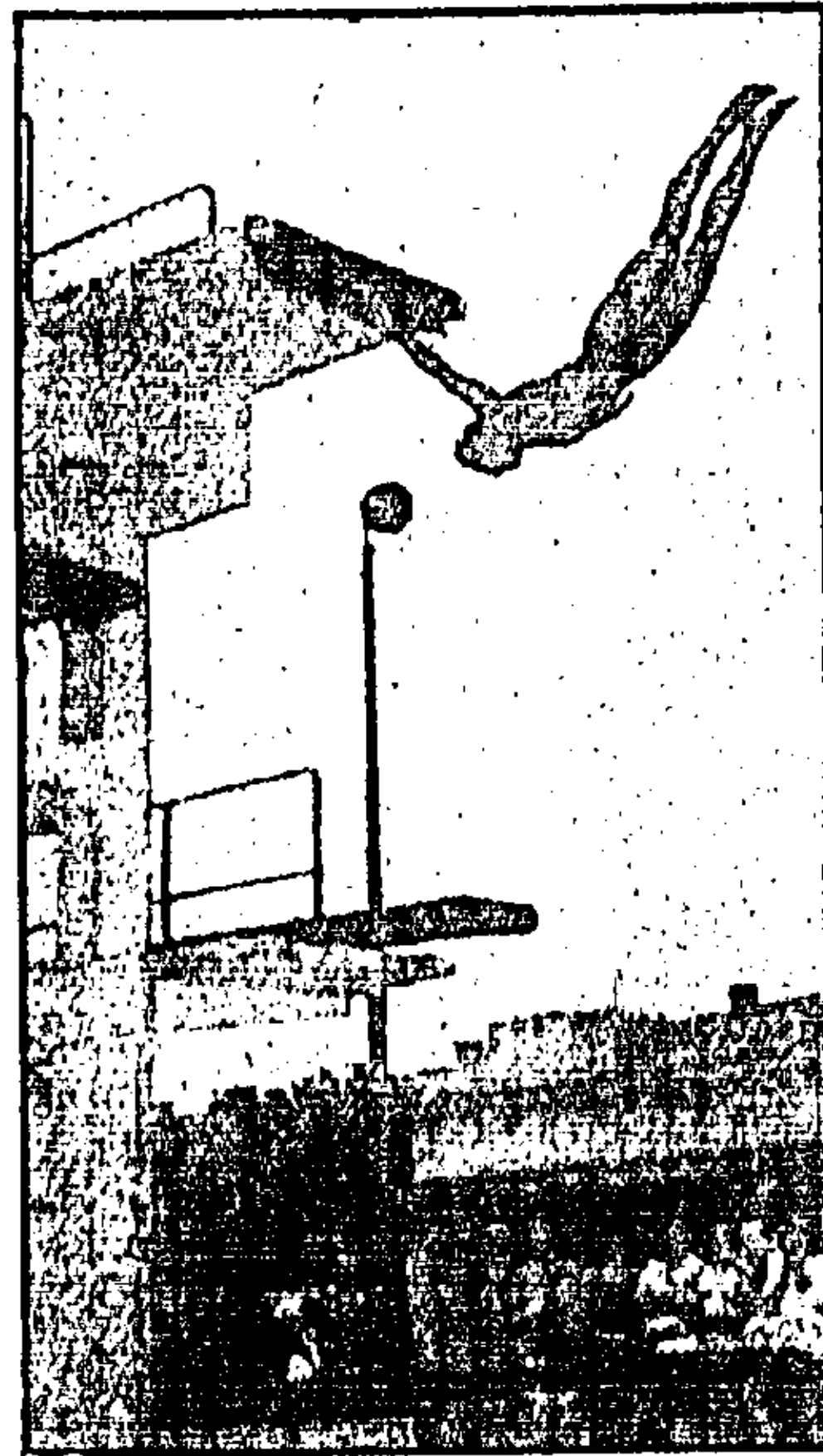
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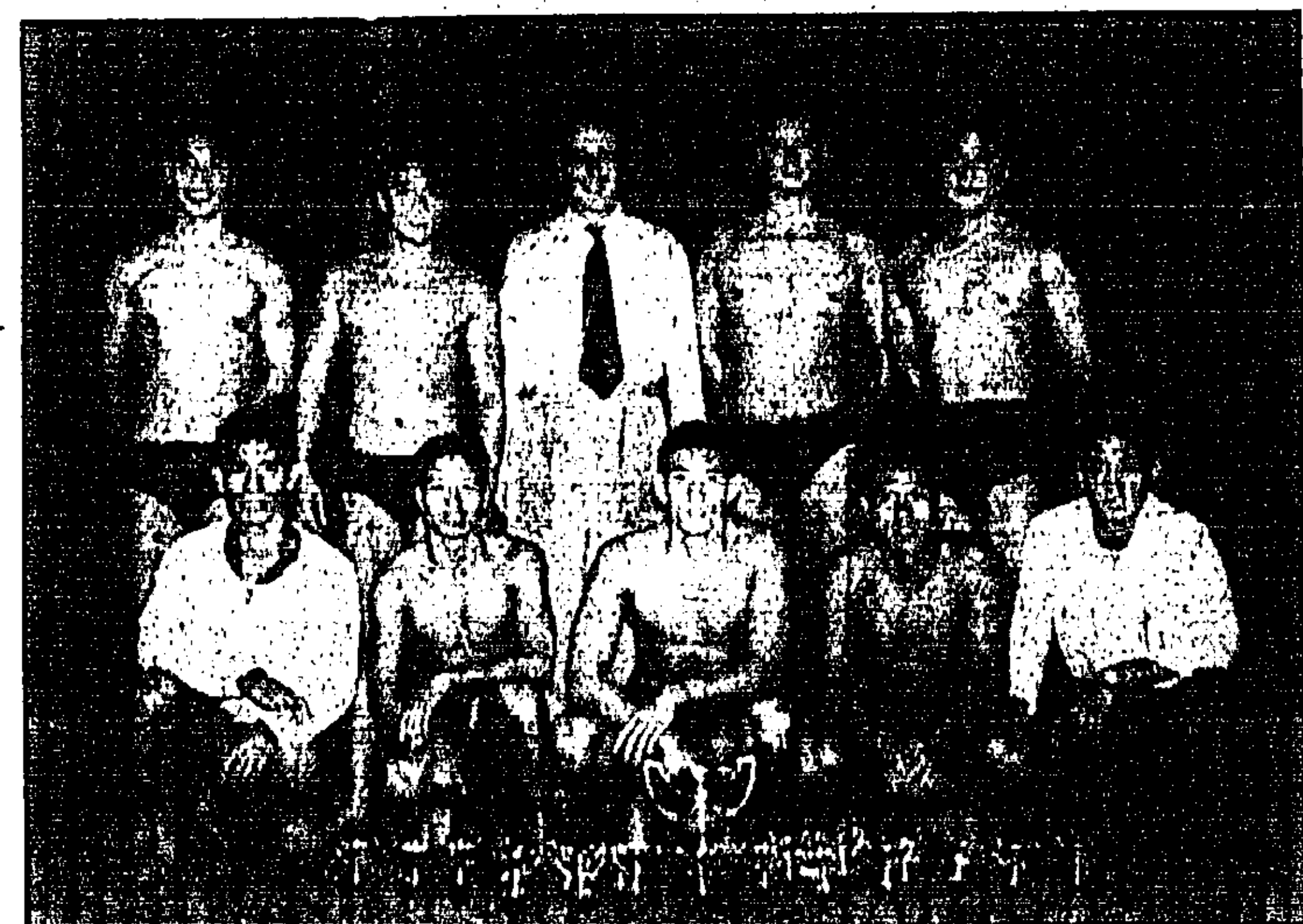
Lady Grantham, who opened it, passes an expert eye over the curio stall at St John's Cathedral Michaelmas Fair... the first big one of the season, and one that cuts off summer officially, and starts the long chain of winter bazaars that will run from now until next Spring.

... but the weather did not immediately change, and water sportsmen still had suitable water (and air) in which to demonstrate how profitably they had spent the past summer. RIGHT: L/Cpl Ng Sui-kee sails over the tree tops and down past the diving boards in the aquabattle HKR v HQLF.



... and while children crowd around the Milburn's Lucky Dip and competitions, and their elders round the lamp shade stall, Hongkong entertained Vico-President, Dr Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan. Right, with Mrs Adarkar, Mrs Harlela, and Mr Adarkar—Commissioner for India in Hongkong.

The Hongkong Regiment were winners of the Terry Trophy (their team—below) in the annual swimming competition between the Regiment and Headquarters, Hongkong Land Forces.

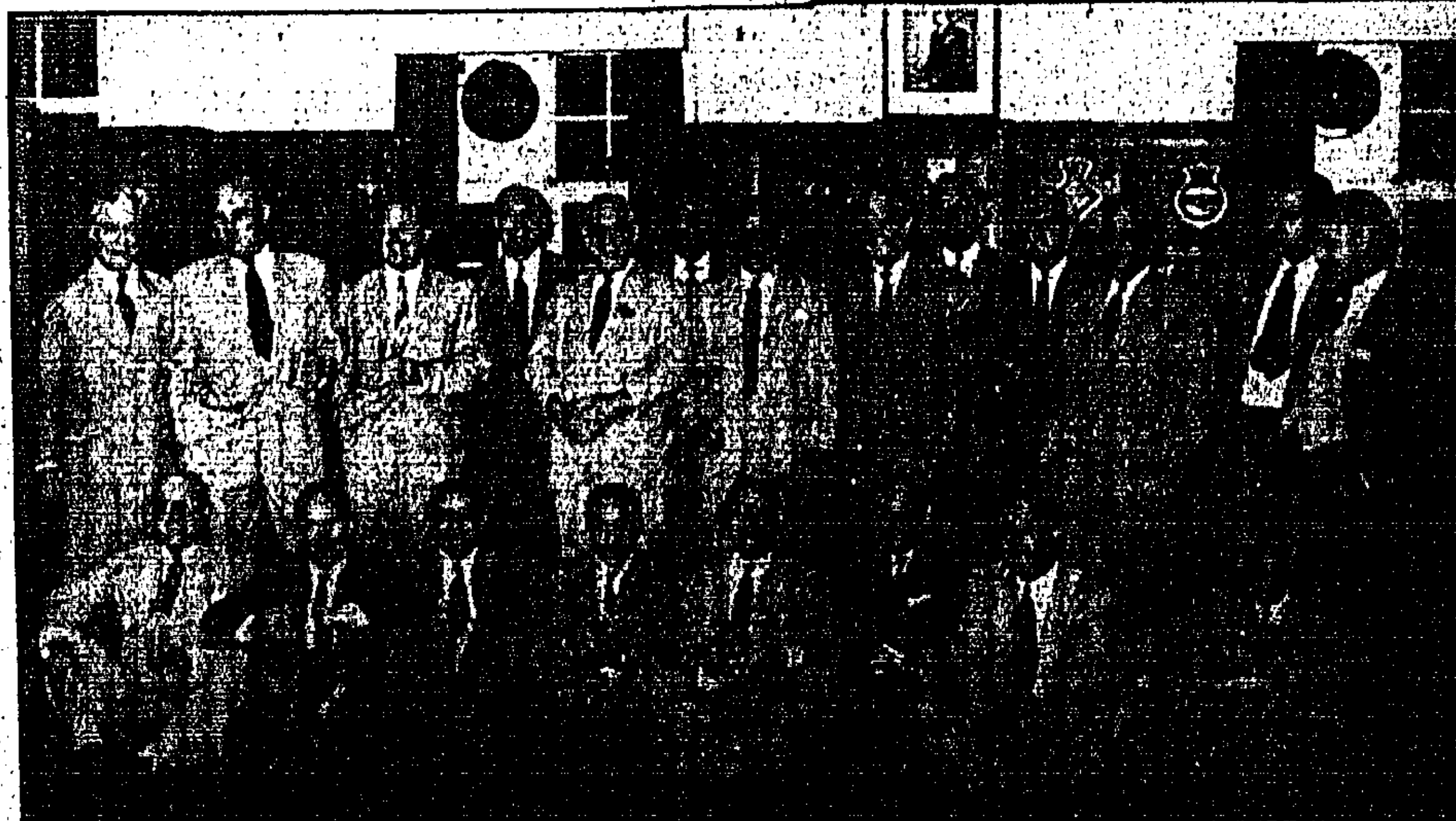


RIGHT: Miss Leung Shiu-bing gets her prize from Mrs Lam Chi-yuen, wife of the Vico-President of the Hongkong Amateur Swimming Association, after setting a new Colony record in the Women's Junior 50 yards "Butterfly" stroke... 37.3 secs.

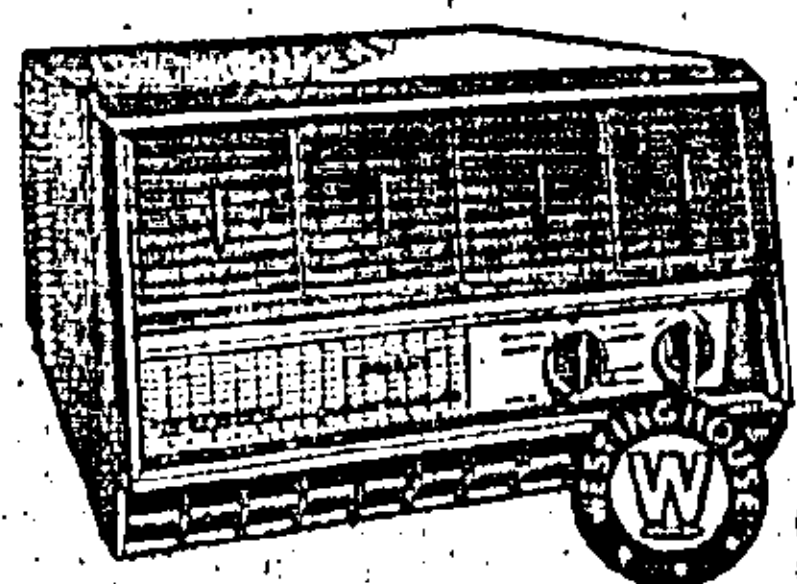


Maybe their summer has almost gone by too. These were Hongkong's younger generation when the whirlwind attack hit her in 1941 and confined them together in Argyle Street Prison Camp.

Now full grown young men that adults look on as equals stun us with remarks like "When I was born in 1939!" Anyway, the Argyle Street Association is young in heart. "Roll on Winter." Staff Photographers



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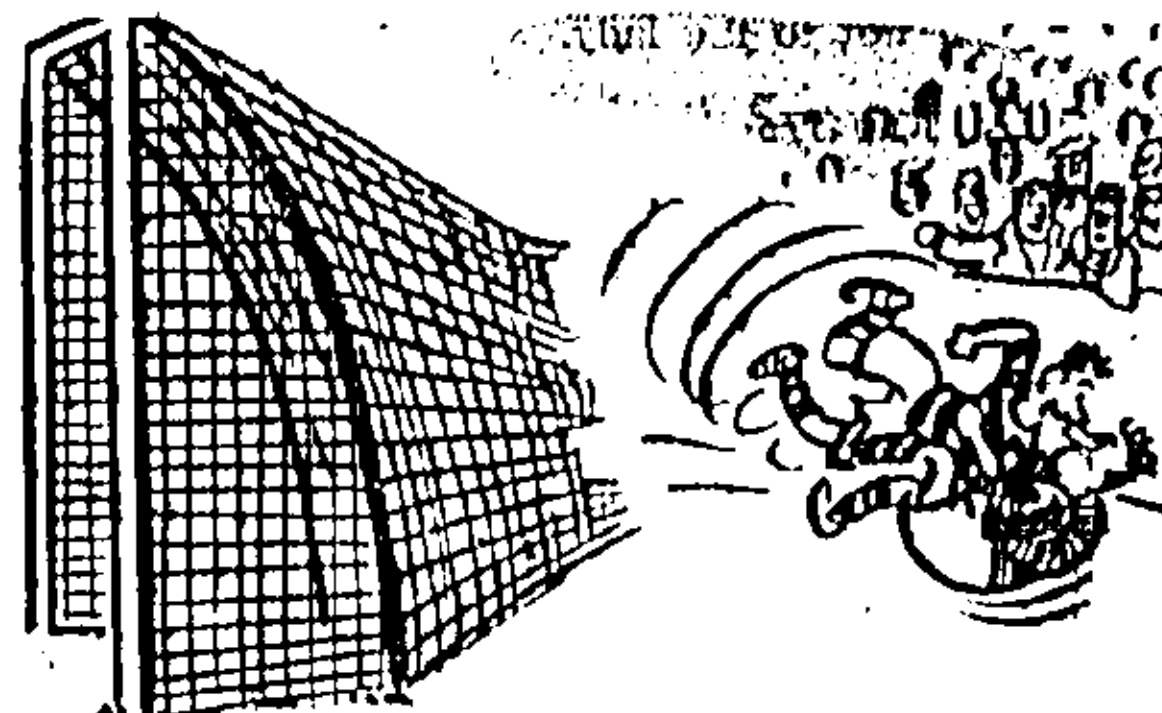
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WEEKEND



"We will fight in the banks and on the beaches, we will never devolve—how's that?"



"This £20 a week makes you put your heart into the job, doesn't it?"



"And another thing—Lord Hailsham's got a pash new job, just to listen to what's said... but not you... you have to sleep..."



"One of the new Hobbies people for Network Three, I think."



"Remember, don't open up until October 29th— and keep a sharp look-out for paratroopers from direction of Transport House!"



"Well, Vivien Leigh paraded the streets to save St. James's, didn't she?"



"As you were! General Spalding was discussing the evil economy of Marx, not marks!"

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KHRUSHCHEV AND TITO

A matter of "Whether, and if so... How?"

By W. N. EWER

THE recent top-level meeting between the Soviet and Yugoslav leaders, somewhere in Rumania, has been the subject of a lot of comment and speculation. Speculation because, as is so often the case in Soviet affairs, there has been such an atmosphere of secrecy about the whole business. Not a word before the meeting, and hardly a word after it except the formal communiqué.

It was a "summit" meeting, Mr. Khrushchev leading the Soviet delegation, Marshal Tito the Yugoslav. But what was it about, and what has it achieved? One has to go back to the tangled story of Soviet-Yugoslav relations since the big quarrel nine years ago. The fierceness of that quarrel, on the Russian side, was astonishing. There was an attempt to break the Yugoslav economy by cutting off all trade with the Soviet Union and the satellites. Tito was denounced as a blood-thirsty Fascist. And this went on until well after Stalin's death.

Then, two years ago, Khrushchev took charge and started a new line. He went to Belgrade, was effusively friendly to Tito, explained that all the unpleasantness had been the fault of Beria, and that now Beria had been shot, the old friendship could be restored. Tito and the Yugoslavs walked a little warily. They were ready for friendly relations, but they made it clear that they would not give up one jot of their independence. They were Communists, but they themselves would decide and control both their internal and external policies.

OFFER AID

This seemed to work pretty well for a year or so. Russians not only lifted the economic boycott; they also offered Yugoslavia considerable aid—long-term credits, for example, for a big aluminium plant and an artificial fertiliser plant—and they seemed ready to the fact that Marshal Tito would continue his "uncommitted" foreign policy, keeping on friendly relations both with the Soviet bloc and with the Western Powers.

Then, last year, came the events in Poland and Hungary. The Yugoslavs made no secret of their sympathy with the desire of the Poles and the Hungarians for national independence. The Russians were angrily suspicious that "Titoism" had been a powerful factor behind the Polish and Hungarian revolts.

Relations became very strained once more. The Soviet government "postponed" its offers of economic aid, and the old note of abuse began to creep back into speeches and articles. Suslov, for example, accused the Yugoslavs of "national Communism", adding that this was a

Sometime Senior Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. W.N. Ewer is the Diplomatic Correspondent of the London "Daily Herald", and has attended for that newspaper every important international conference since 1914. He is well-known, not only as a writer on world affairs, but also as a broadcaster.

"bourgeois poison." Then Khrushchev seems to have taken a hand again. The anti-Yugoslav campaign died away suddenly. Tito, noting this, spoke again of the possibility of co-operation provided that there was no question of "abandoning our positions of principle."

Thereafter things began to move quickly. Khrushchev in Prague announced that he had soon to talk to Tito. A Yugoslav economic mission went to Moscow. Khrushchev arranged and presided at a meeting in the USSR of Yugoslav, Bulgarian and Albanian Communist leaders. Now he has met Tito himself.

RELATIONS

So it is pretty plain that Khrushchev is the initiator of the whole move. He is trying hard to re-establish the closest and friendliest relations between Moscow and Belgrade. Just what his purpose is perhaps only he knows; it may only be that he thinks this would be useful in restoring the situation in Eastern Europe—that, for example, it would get rid of any danger of a sort of Polish-Yugoslav entente. Or it may be that he thinks he can, step by step, draw Yugoslavia back into full membership of the Soviet bloc.

How far has he got? We know nothing, of course, of what happened at the meeting. Neither the Soviet nor the Yugoslav press or radio gave any help. We only look at the communiqué and try to read between the lines. My own judgement, for what it is worth, is that, though obviously things have moved, they have not yet moved very far.

There is no pretence of agreement. On the contrary the communiqué says that the two leaders "examined" problems that "hinder the further successful development of mutual relations." And they will continue to "work for the removal of obstacles to that development." Moreover, there is a declaration that Soviet-Yugoslav relations must be based on "equality, respect for sovereignty, independence and non-interference."

Putting these things together it seems pretty plain that Tito has stood firmly on Yugoslavia's right to go her own way and to "build Socialism" in her own fashion. And that, whatever they may be, the "obstacles" to really good relations between Moscow and Belgrade have not yet been overcome. Now we have to see if Khrushchev will have another try—and if so, how.

WHEN THE COLONIES COME TO A PARTY CONFERENCE

By HAROLD JAMES

FIVE years ago, the Labour Party's annual conference had no less than thirty resolutions on its agenda dealing with Commonwealth and colonial questions. At Brighton there are only eight.

Does this mean there has been a decline in Socialist interest in the subject? Or that the colonial policy of the Conservatives since 1951 has been so successful that there is little left to criticize? Or does it imply a greater unity of thought among political parties at Westminster over the affairs of the Commonwealth? The truth is probably a bit of all three.

Cost of Living

Overwhelming all topics of discussion in the public mind today is inflation and the cost of living, on the one hand, and the H-bomb and nuclear weapons, on the other. On this last, there are no less than 120 resolutions before the Socialist conference—more than a quarter of the whole. With that degree of concentration on these subjects, colonial affairs tend to be crowded out or forgotten.

But there is also truth in the fact that Labour finds it more difficult to fault Conservative colonial policy. Like its predecessor, the present government has carried on the aim of leading colonial territories towards self-government. So no need now for resolutions pressing for "Freedom" for Ghana, "Independence" for Malaya,

There is a greater measure of agreement between Labour and Conservative thought in these matters than appears on the surface. For example, an all-party delegation to Kenya this year concerned in Britain's large colonial interests should be nationalised and handed over to the colonies.

Then, too, some of the more contentious topics of the past have been wiped off the slate. For example, Seretse Khama, whose case was a "hardy annual", is back in Bechuanaland.

The federation of Central Africa is now an accomplished fact, but the issue is not dead. Three of this year's colonial resolutions are concerned with the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. The authors of all of them would like to see the federal egg unscrambled. All would oppose any move to full self-government in 1960. One of the resolutions craves from Manchester where an African Affairs Group, was formed a few years ago especially to fight federation; another is sponsored by South Kensington, the home of many African students in London.

Added Support

This is, then, an indication of what lies ahead—when the constitution is reviewed. Moreover, Labour opposition on this subject will be added support from sentiments expressed at their Annual Conference.

Cyprus, surprisingly, figures in only one resolution—and this only a mild one. It calls on Labour to make a clear policy statement on the island's future. This is badly needed, for, on

Cyprus, the Labour Party have been equivocal.

In one resolution only are the "wild men" of the party allowed free rein. That is when they demand that all commercial concerns in Britain having large colonial interests should be nationalised and handed over to the colonies.

Colonial and Commonwealth problems also figure less prominently in the Conservative Party Conference agenda—and probably for much the same reasons.

It is good to see a slide away from thoughts political to the more immediate problem of economic development in the newly independent territories.

Eleven Resolutions

The Conservatives have eleven resolutions on Commonwealth and colonies to discuss on Saturday, October 12.

Five of these call for a strong effort to speed up colonial economic development, two ask for lighter political and economic union, one opposes any thought of political partition in Cyprus, another calls for Dominion status for the Central African Federation, and another deplores thoughts of Maltese-British integration.

The eleventh, perhaps, indicates Conservative satisfaction with the government's policy. It moves that this conference congratulate the Prime Minister for upholding all that is best in the British character and tradition and pledges wholehearted support for those policies which are designed to ensure peace and prosperity for our large and ever-increasing Commonwealth family.

RURITANIAN RAZZ in San Marino

With 20 Chocolate Soldiers and a prison in a tower

From FRANK GOLDSWORTHY: San Marino.

THIS tiny mountain-top republic has more quaint sights than ever for the tourists, now that it is in the middle of a political uproar. And that is quite a point, for San Marino, with a population under 14,000, claims 1,500,000 tourists a year.

Late season visitors to this "island" in the heart of Italy, this living Ruritania, can expect to see—

The Prisoner in the Tower. From time to time he lowers a basket from his cell window to collect cigarettes and money from passers-by.

The San Marino Army. Usually its soldiers appear on only four ceremonial occasions each year. Now it is quarter-mobilised—which provides a daily spectacle of 20 (repeated) Chocolate Soldier types in neat blue uniforms with pillbox hats.

THE CLASH

These are days of crisis. San Marino, isolated 2,500ft. up—literally on a mountain-top—has never had a political clash like this in its 1,600-plus years of independence.

For 12 years, oddly enough, it has been Communist-run. Then last week six Socialist supporters of the Communist cause were elected to the San Marino parliament.

This happened just as the Parliament was to meet in San Marino's ancient Government Palace to elect the two men—called Captain-Regents—who jointly hold executive power for six months at a time.

So the reigning Captain-Regents declared Parliament dissolved and announced elections for November.

To prevent the anti-Communist Opposition from going ahead with the meeting, they

Are you scared to call your doctor at night?

ACT ONE. Time: 2 a.m. Place: The doctor's house. . . . The telephone rings. A Sleepy, the doctor picks up the phone to hear an urgent voice: "Please, come, doctor, I've had a most odd kind of pain. I know it's late at night, but . . ."

ACT TWO. Time: 3.30 a.m. Place: Somewhere in the suburbs. . . . The patient, the number: "Only indigestion? Funny thing, doc, an hour ago you should have seen me, I was bent double."

ACT THREE. Time: 4 a.m. Place: The doctor's bedroom. Doctor's sleepy wife asks: "Anything wrong, dear?" The

doctor replies crossly: "Merely indigestion." Silence for a moment. The patient, the number: "Why don't you take something for it, dear?"

Most calls at night are quite superfluous, but doctors understand that a pain at three in the morning always seems more frightening than it really is.

Even during the day many calls to the doctor are quite unnecessary. All patients are faced at one time or another with the problem: to phone or not to phone?

No time

If they decide a doctor's opinion is to be desired, then the second decision. Should Mohammed go to the doctor or should the doctor go to Mohammed?

All in a doctor's day: by CEDRIC CARNE

Also, the doctor can often work better in his consulting room. The examining couch is not a decorative piece of furniture. The doctor has installed it because he can make his diagnosis more efficiently than on a divan or bed, which is usually too low.

There are instruments to hand which can be sterilised. There is silence which allows him to hear the faint sounds picked up by his stethoscope. There is a telephone and a notebook with a list of numbers he might wish to consult.

"So it's to my advantage to be examined in the surgery," Mrs Lawrence nodded.

"Also, avoid night calls unless they are absolutely necessary," I said. "It's in your own interests. Would you like to make important decisions when you are overtired and sleepy?"

The children

On the other hand, no doctor wants anyone who is feverish in his waiting room. For a temperature indicates that the patient might be infectious.

"I suppose you would rather see children at home?" Mrs Lawrence asked. Generally doctors prefer to visit sick babies. With older children it depends. If little Jeremy has caught his finger in the door the doctor would rather see him in his surgery. If the child is infectious or really ill that's another matter.

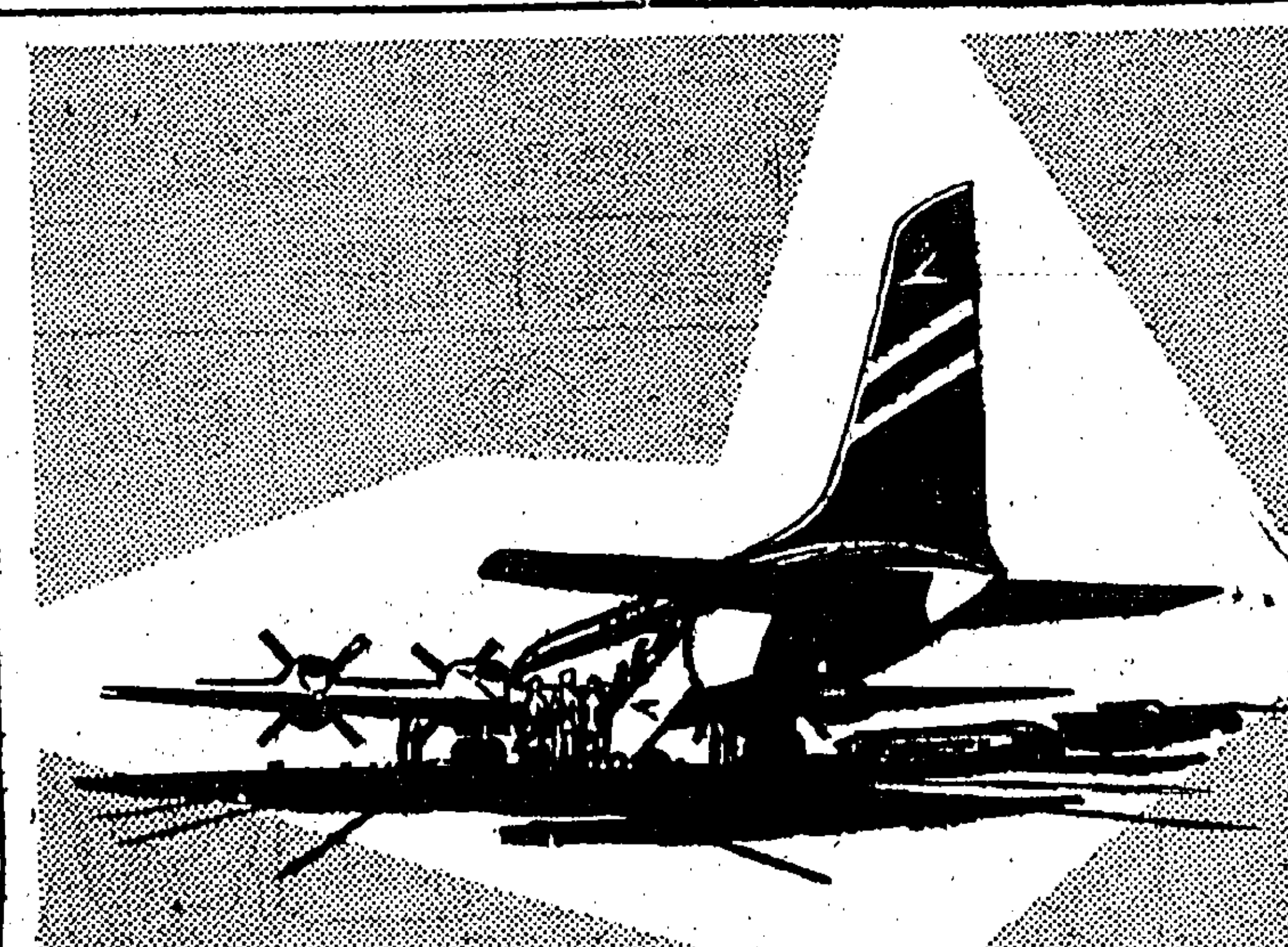
When children are sickening for something, the doctor often cannot make a diagnosis for a few days anyway. The child may just have a bit of a cold or seem off colour and all parents can do is to wait and see. But it is during this early stage, when there is nothing definite, that the child may be most infectious. From the first the best thing to do is to keep the child in bed.

One word

"Then there are those people who think that they can have a consultation anywhere," I said, "even on a bus."

Some people believe the doctor to be fair game. Well, just be honest with yourself. Can you bump into your doctor socially without thinking of your aches or your blood pressure or that touch of lumbago you had last week?

Every doctor knows that character who asks for a spot of advice on the side. In the crowded foyer of a theatre, or at the windy corner of a street. Do you think I'm callous? All I do is nod sympathetically and say just one, single word. "STRIPE"



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BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

20 REVIEWS ON ONE PAGE

THE agitated leg of the Bermudez bedlam boy, Tommy Steele, is pulled to dislocation point by Morris and Mitch on The Tommy Rot Story (Decca 78). Whisper it not in the coffee bars of the King's Road, but at times the mickety-taking is an improvement on the original.

Also in leg-pulling mood are Joan Hagan and Max Bygraves in Seven-and-a-half Cents (Decca 78). This one is from the Panama Game. I like Bygraves' Jewish-American accent. The accompaniment, however, sounds as if it comes from a work's brass band. In fact, it comes from an orchestra directed by Malcolm Lockyer.

If anything was designed to bring a little squalor, a sliver, an oh, or an ah from a teenage record rendezvous (and a grunt from an objective record reviewer) it is Man on the Moon (Philips 78). The singer: Frankie Vaughan.

The same song is put on record by Jimmy Young (Decca 78). This is the better record.

DRY SCOTCH

Crisp as a piece of dry toast is a French-flavoured selection by the Scottish piano player Bill McGuffie on Mademoiselle from Paris (London 33). Twelve bouncy tracks include Mademoiselle from Paris, Clopin Clopant, Symphony, C'est si bon and April in Paris. His interpretation of the standards shows an imagination with which few pop piano players are blessed today.

Vanessa Lee, Maxine Daniels, John Hanson, Ken Jones and his Orchestra, and John Gregory and his Orchestra contribute to This is London (Orion 33), an album that includes The Lambeth Walk, Around the Marble Arch, The Changing of the Guard, Let's All Go Down the Strand and Old Father Thames. This selection is guaranteed to make local residents dewy-eyed. Like whisky and Scotch band, no New Year's party should be without it.

If only to listen to her spirited and breathless treatment of When the Saints Go Marching In, the National Anthem of Jazz, I advise you to get Connie Boswell and the Original Memphis Five in Hi-Fi (RCA 33). Her sense of timing is something a pre-war railway guard would envy.

With what the reviewer imagines is a full heart and a

The record companies are riding high on the biggest boom in their history. As days grow shorter sales figures grow longer. Today RAMSDEN GREIG presents his RECORD ROUND in new form

leaky tear duct, Dorothy Squires renders Our Song (Columbia 78). Buy this one for Mum and Dad.

Johnnie Ray, the Nobob of Sob himself, writhes and cries his way through The Street of Memories (Philips 78). Don't buy this one for Mum and Dad.

SUBTLE FLAVOUR

Some of the most subtle jazz to come out of a record player came out of mine when I played Chamber Music for Moderns (Vogue Coral 33). The Nat Pierce Quintet plays it, and what contributes most to its success is Dick Wetmore, one of a very select band of leaders who can justly place in a jazz combination.

By one of the countless tricks of the recording business you get a choir of Mary Ford and her orchestra made up of Les Pauls on Strollin' Blues (Capitol 78).

The lushest treatment accorded anything I have heard this year is given by Mantovani and his Orchestra to Let Me Be Loved—the James Dean Theme—(Decca 78).

Joe Loss has a strict tempo in his new recording, Mandolin Serenade—from the Chapin film A King in New York—(HMV 78).

MIXED BAG

All the way up from his blue suede shoes and right through his nostrils comes the voice of Elvis Presley delivering Mean Woman Blues, Teddy Bear and Got a Lot of Jive to you on Loving You (RCA 33). Quieter and more coherent contributions include Loving You and Lonesome Cowboy.

Brunswick have managed to slip a good nostalgic disc through the rock 'n' roller barrier—Judy Scott singing the Parlour Piano (Brunswick 78). A lusher shop vocal group accompanies the lady.

Good one by poor Peter Sellers is Any Old Iron (Parlophone 78) featuring the Mate's Spoof Group and one Fred Spoons, E.P.N.S.

Playing it safe in a market that changes with the speed of a five-shows-a-night strip tease artist, Marian Ryan backs a softly, softly ballad That's Happiness (Nixa 78) with a jumpy and raucous item called

A Ding Dong Rock-n-Billy Wedding.

There is value for money on The Lord Taverner's Record All-Star Hit Parade, Number Two (Decca 78). Max Bygraves, the Beverley Sisters, Tommy Steele, the Johnston Brothers, Jimmy Young and Billy Cotton handle the latest pops.

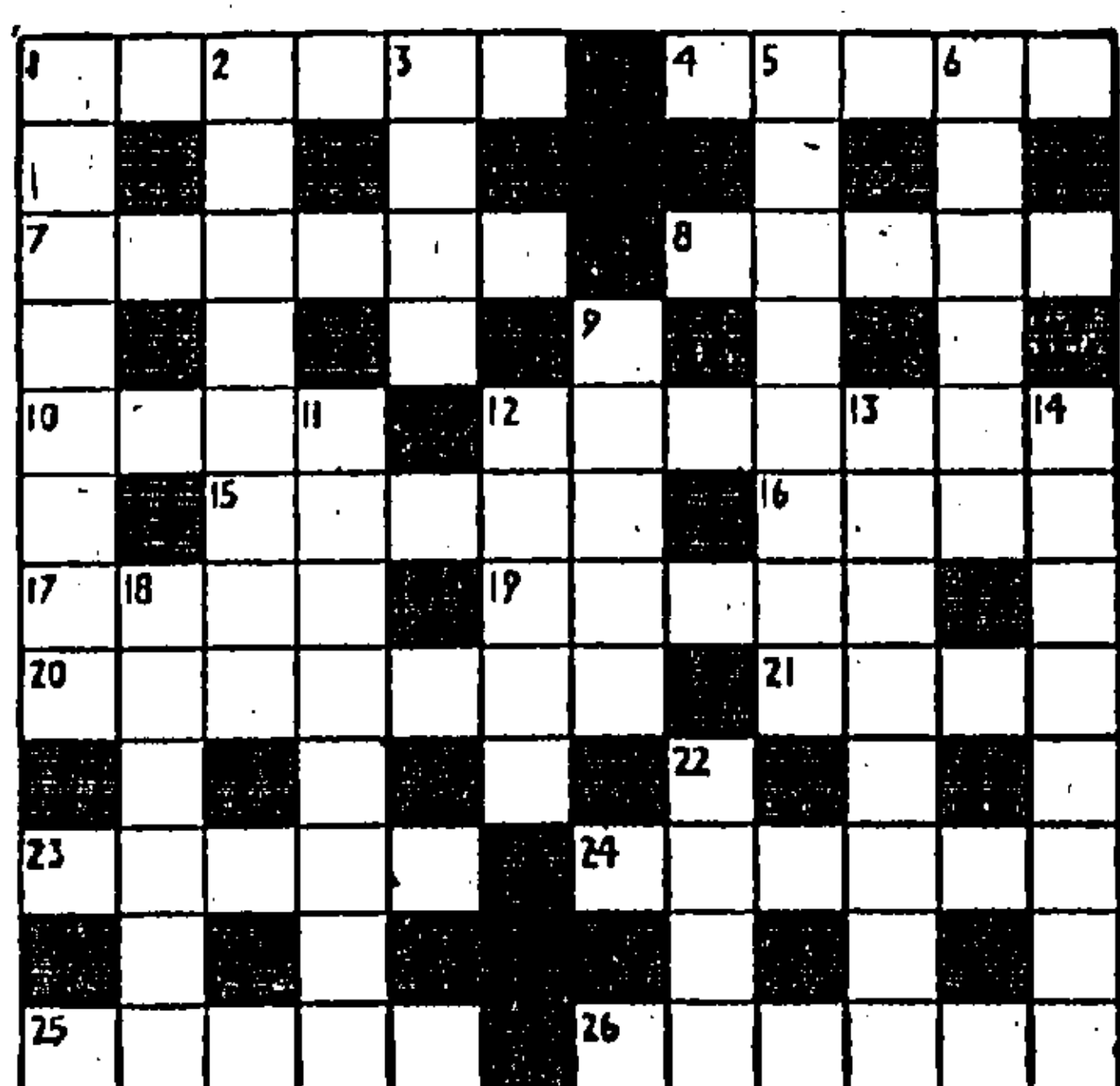
What a surprise is in store for Gilbert and Sullivan fans. Here is a recording of The Gondoliers and it is NOT by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. It is enough to make the staunchest Savoyard blanch. The performance, in fact, is by some distinguished soloists, plus the Pro Art Orchestra conducted by Sir

Malcolm Sargent, plus the Glyndebourne chorus. The result is a beautifully clearly enunciated version with some sparkling orchestral playing. Quite different, in fact, from the familiar D'Oyly Carte manner. Not necessarily better, but certainly no worse. On HMV.

The remarkable Campoli continues to astonish admirers by the ever-widening range of his repertoire. This month Decca give us this artist playing Kreisler's transcription of the first Tchaikovsky violin concerto, and the Saint-Saens concerto No. 3, both on one disc. A must for all lovers of violin music.

—(London Express Service).

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Whirlpool (6)
2. Take away (5)
3. Bedouins perhaps (6)
4. Temporary accommodation (5)
5. Axes and axes (5)
6. Bearer (7)
7. Any (5)
8. Play part (4)
9. Vocal inflection (4)
10. Brain-wave (5)
11. Unaffected (7)
12. Folkstone feature (4)
13. State being different (5)
14. May be pressed in a call (6)
15. Final standard (5)
16. Thoroughly acquainted—as a poet? (6)

DOWN

1. In an art it were a private feud (3)
2. A cow, for example (8)
3. Odd's partners? (4)
4. Gladly (6)
5. Put about as a shopkeeper may do? (6)
6. Financial letters? (5)
7. What a bit is good at? (6)
8. Spread abroad (5)
9. Favour of ribbons (8)
10. Healed (6)
11. Great (6)
12. Solid square (4)

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3. Broom, 4. Rolled, 5. Clusters, 11. Indolent, 12. Howl, 13. Aest, 14. Erase, 15. Avon, 16. 24. Cut. Down: 2. Poodle, 3. No, 4. Prose, 5. Trail, 6. Blade, 7. Recluse, 8. Idle, 9. Quest, 10. Omen, 11. Sinner, 12. Union, 13. Cruel, 14. Tears, 15. Lo-scar, 17. Cornet, 18. Snipe, 19. Adieu, 20. Sues, 21. Asps.

£200 AND I'LL KEEP YOUR NAME OUT, SAID HARRIETTE

THE GAME OF HEARTS. By Lesley Blanch. Gryphon. 28s. 472 pages.

HARRIETTE WILSON met life more than halfway. That was probably the trouble. For she was in the end a failure.

In the profession to which Nature and her mother had called her, she seemed for a time to float on the crest of the wave. She mixed with the highest in the land, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Ponsonby, Lord Craven, etc. She had her own house, servants, horses, box at the opera.

But for real, lasting success in an exacting branch of commerce, something more was needed than a pretty figure, high spirits and a low moral code. It was advisable—while seeming only to enjoy the sunshine—to put away something for a rainy day.

But Harriette's mind was never entirely bent on business. A strapping but penniless baroness was as likely to attract her as a peer of the realm. She pawned diamonds when she should have turned them into Consols, then standing at the low figure of 61 (look at them now). And she sent the Duke of Beaufort back his son's letters (worth £20,000 at any reasonable estimation) with a letter saying that her only wish was to be considered more fairly by the Beauforts.

£300 for libel

So it came about that the Queen of Regency courtships was driven by indignation to writing her memoirs—and sending a circular to her old friends advising each that his name would be omitted on a payment of £200.

Some paid. Mr Blane, a Picaresque stonemason, got £300 for libel. The Duke of Wellington replied: "Publish and be damned."

On the day the memoirs were published, barriers were needed at the bookstalls to keep the crowds in order. In her introduction to this new, abridged edition, Lesley Blanch tries to make Harriette an appealing, pathetic figure, who reluctantly stooped to blackmail under the influence of a sinister, bully named Rochford. The attempt to cast a sentimental veil over Harriette does not succeed.

However, it must be agreed that she had some provocation.

by **George Malcolm Thomson**
Evening Standard Book Critic

The Duke of Beaufort had promised her an annuity of £500 as a reward for releasing his son from bondage. His Grace then tried to get out of the bargain with a single down-payment of £1,200. In any Wolfenden Report of about 1930, Harriette would unquestionably have figured. Her mother had mended gentlemen's stockings, and occasionally their hearts, in a little shop in Shepherd Market.

For Harriette the street was first playground and then place of business. What she lacked was the touch of caution which would have given her, in retirement, a comfortable income, a pleasant little house somewhere near the Park and the placid company of her ex-lovers.

As it was the heyday was reduced to writing her entertaining reminiscences (Casanova with no salacity and fewer lies) in which the life of Regency rakes and demi-reps appears at its most garish and unguarded.

Moore, it now seems clear, was at one stage Maud Cunard's lover in the full sense. As an Irish gentleman, what other course was open to him? The lady had said: "You can make love to me now, if you like."

The first John Murray refused to publish Harriette Wilson's Memoirs when they were originally composed. Today John Murray, under the name of Gryphon Books, publishes this new edition. Time has brought respectability to the book if not to the lady.

A lover?
GEORGE MOORE: LETTERS TO LADY CUNARD. Hart-Davis. 27s. 6d.

THE great question about George Moore has always been—was he a lover at all? His reputation as an amoralist has suffered from his habit of improving fact with fiction. This collection of letters to Lady Cunard, along with Rupert Hart-Davis's introduction, should dispose of the question to this extent.

Moore, it now seems clear, was at one stage Maud Cunard's lover in the full sense. As an Irish gentleman, what other course was open to him? The lady had said: "You can make love to me now, if you like."

Faithful friend

He suffered a little from her infidelities and, a little less, from her marriage (1893) to Sir Bache Cunard.

Later—and with obvious relief—he became her faithful friend.

Thirty-five years after meeting her, he wrote: "I never forget that you are the only woman that matters. I dare say that I did not love you as well as I might have, but I gave you all the love I was capable of."

All the love he was capable of added up to 270 letters.

Many of them are commonplace, a few vibrant with real emotion. There is a comic mor at when Lady Cunard decided to discard the name Maud in favour of Emerald. Moore wired frantically: "Who is Emerald? Are you married? G.M."

He had searched the telephone directory and could find only one Mr Emerald, a paint manufacturer.

—(London Express Service).

Records by PATRICK GRAY.

Dorothy Squires aims to slay Las Vegas

MISS Dorothy Squires, who in her day has been red-headed, auburn-headed, even blue-headed, and is currently blonde-headed, sat beside her swimming pool (blue-tinted) and told me: "Four years ago they were saying I was all washed up. After 20 years in show business I was a has-been, they said."

"They were right too. Today? I've never had it so good."

"More champagne?"

She looked at the nine-bedroomed, three-bathroomed Bexley (Kent) mansion, she calls home and went on: "Four years ago I was thinking of selling this place. Today? Well, today I've also got a house in California."

Almost apologetically she added: "It hasn't got a swim-

ming pool. You feel almost naked if you haven't got a swimming pool in California."

The resurrected grande dame of British pop singers explained for posterity (and also down-on-their-luck show folk) the secret of a successful comeback.

She bid British show business a soldier's farewell (Miss Squires is Welsh, and conse-

quently a dab hand at such matters) and went to America. Her parting words were: "There is so much more to do in the States. You can even make money."

An invitation to join the harmonious Andrews Sisters fell through the Andrews Sisters being unharmonious off stage at that time. But a smooth tongue (I have already said the lady is Welsh) got her other dates. In two weeks she was singing in Las Vegas night clubs.

With all the modesty at her disposal, Miss Squires said: "I am a bigger name there than I ever was here."

"That's why I walked out on that West End show recently. Making me a featured act under Charlie. I think I was entitled to a small display of temperament."

I agreed wholeheartedly with Miss Squires and let her lead the way to her library, wherein lay the latest addition to her wardrobe—a Dior-designed sack evening gown. This, said Miss Squires, would really slay them in Las Vegas when she went back there at Christmas "to sing on the very spot that Noel Coward did his act."

Her library

Through diamond-studded spectacles (which since her resurrection have ceased to be more coloured glasses) she looked at the book-lined library wall, and said: "I'll have to get a new lot of books. This present selection is hardly in keeping with the new wallpaper."

I looked at the wallpaper, then at the books, and agreed. Miss Nighingale, Ladies and James Hadley Chase's *Lady, Her Among the Ladies* were far from being in keeping with the new surroundings.

I said I would make her a present of my *Illustrated History of England*, and Miss Squires said that would be fine. Followed devotedly by a poodle called Rocky, another called Archibald James, and a cross between a poodle and an Irish water spaniel called Ruff, Miss Squires led the way to the billiards room. This is probably the most important room in her home.

50 trials

This is the room with the tape recorder in it. This is where, when a trial of Bexley, has gone to back the Iron Lung of Show Business (with apologies to Mr. Ikey Bogan) will sing a song as often as 50 times before she puts it on to a gramophone record.

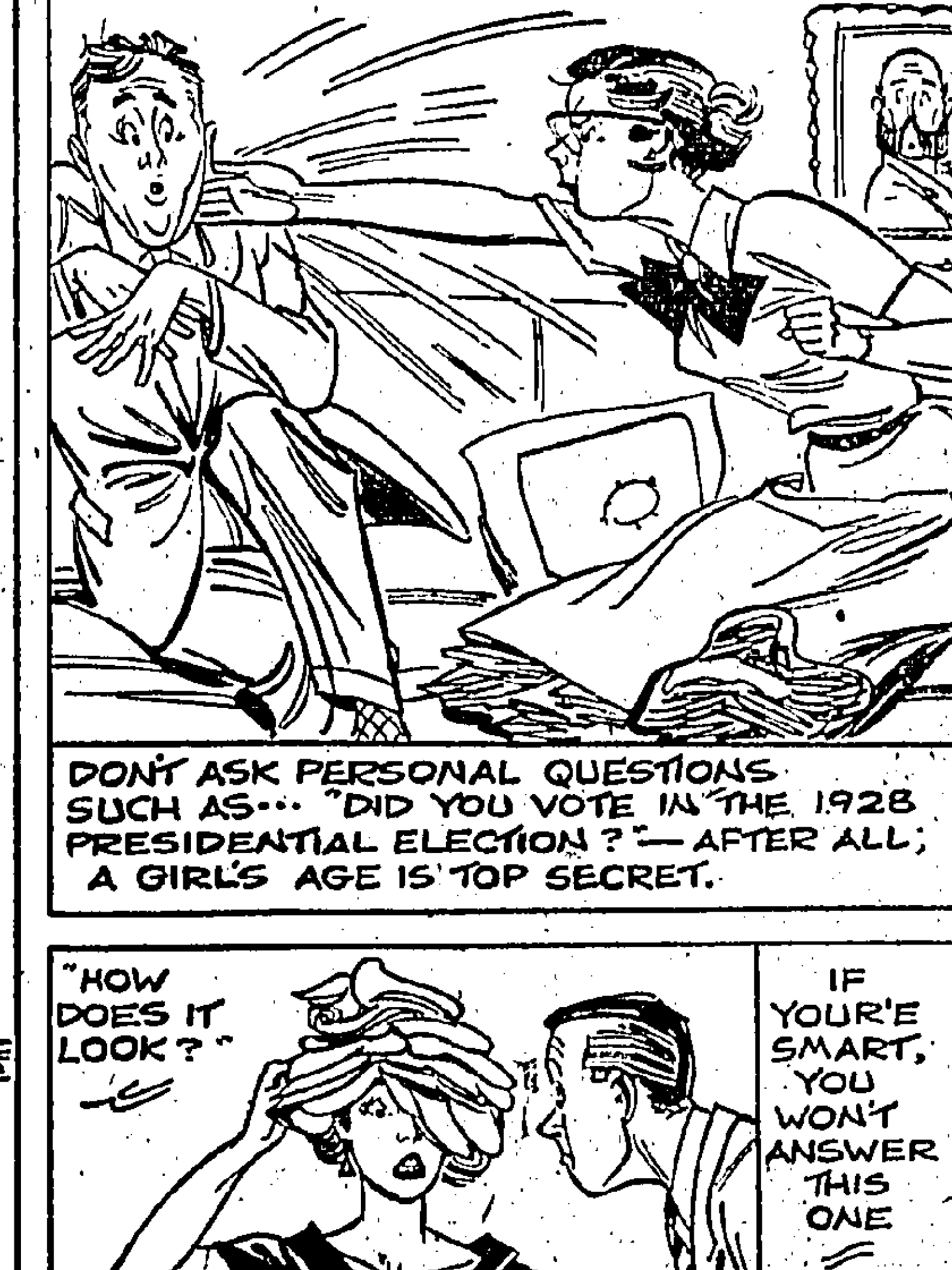
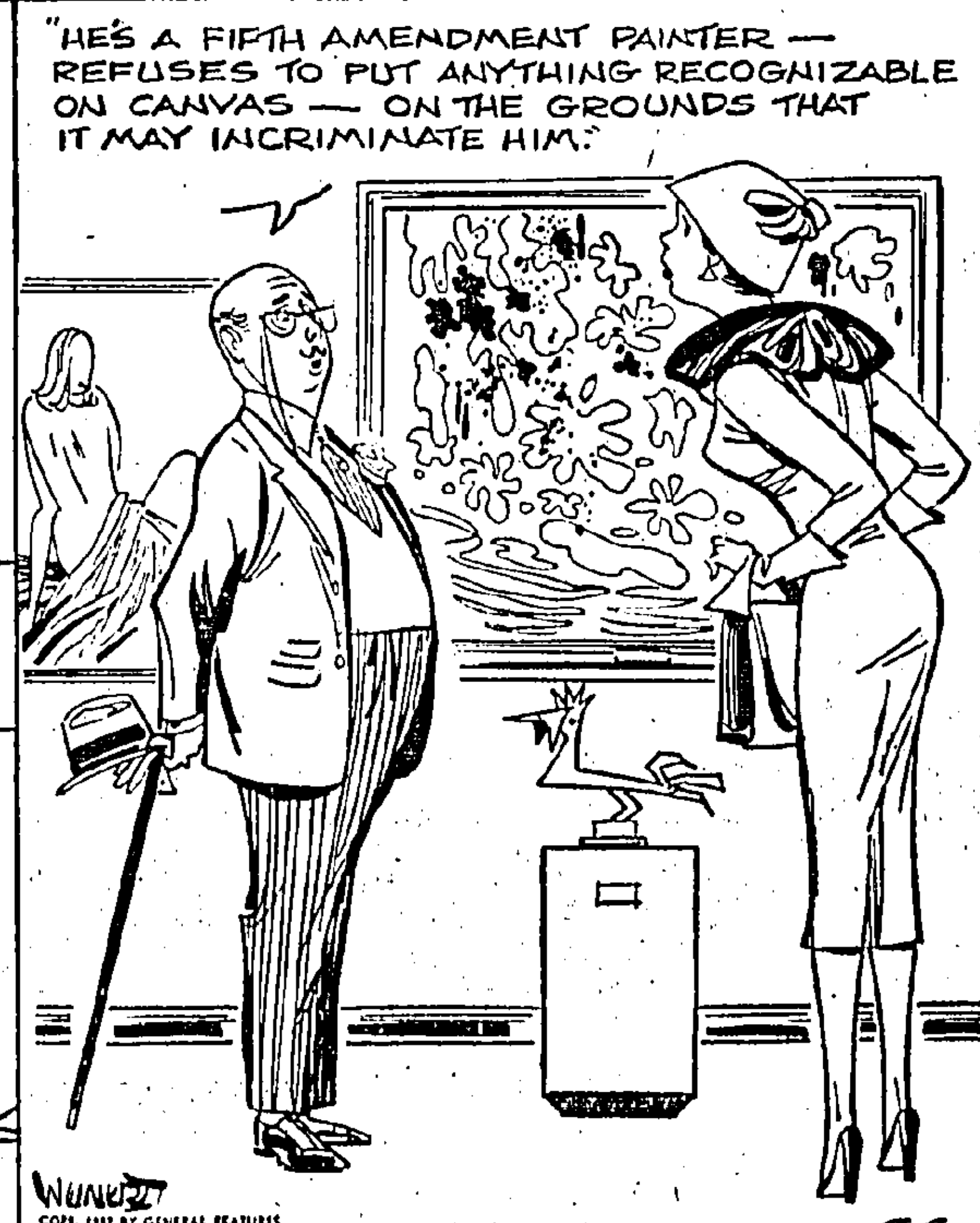
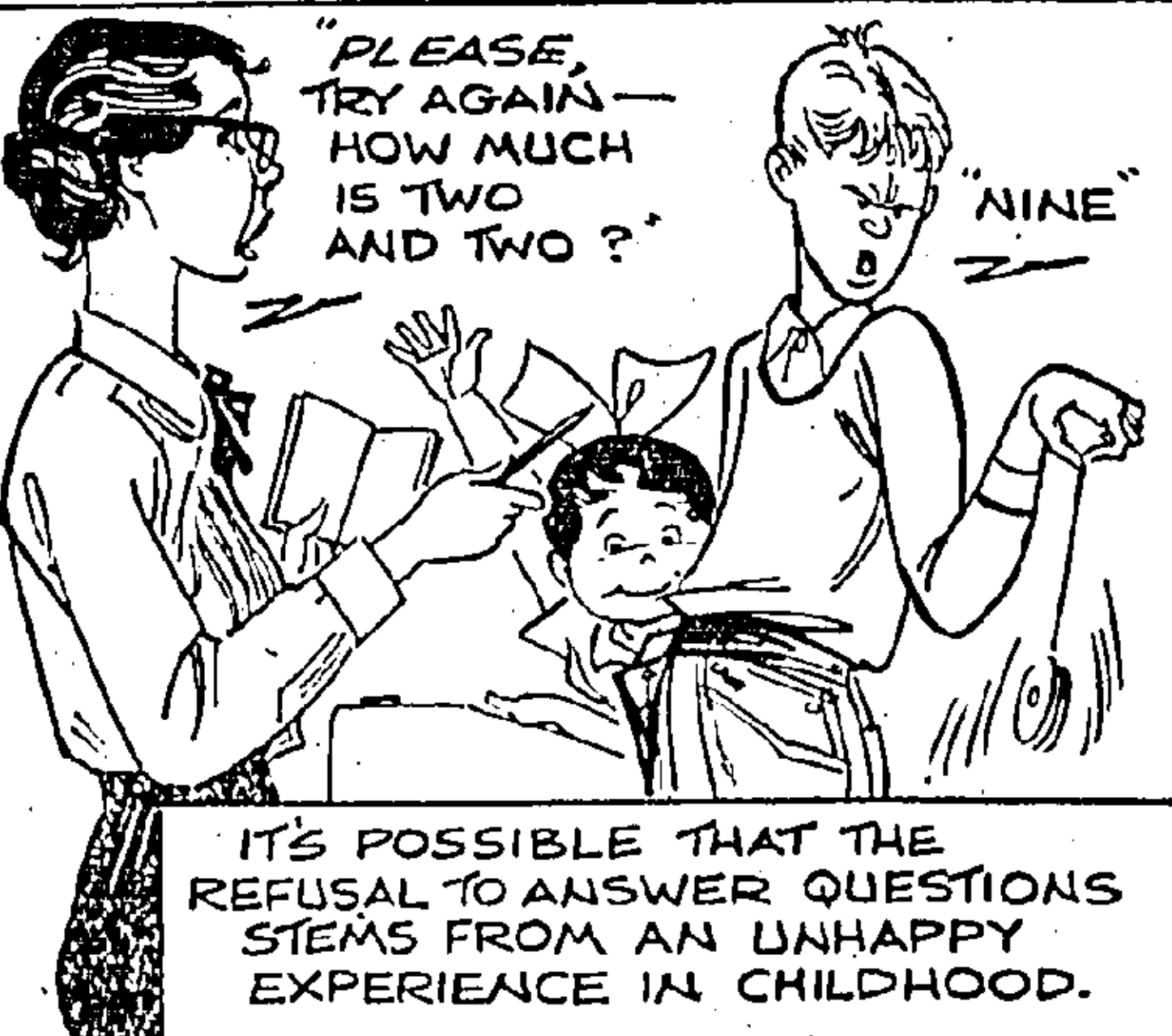
You can hear the result of Miss Squires' late-night billiards rehearsals on *Our Song* (Columbia 78).

If it is a tear-jerker with a job in every bar.

When Miss Squires played it for me by the swimming pool, even Archibald James howled emotionally.

Which must prove something.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



No Answer

By Harry Weinert

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Commentary On Annual Harbour Race

New Programme—
'The Critics'—On
Sunday Evenings

The annual Cross Harbour Race from Kowloon Railway Pier to Queen's Pier will start at 9.30 tomorrow morning and Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting live commentaries on both the start and the finish.

From 9.20 to 9.40 a.m. Ted Thomas will be giving a description of the scene at Kowloon Railway Pier, and at 9.55 John Wallace will be at Queen's Pier to describe the finish of the race, assisted by a rather breathless Ted Thomas!

Other outside broadcasting plans over next week will be the 50th Congregation of the Hongkong University at the Lake Yew Hall. Edited recordings of the ceremony, which takes place on Monday morning, will be broadcast at seven o'clock the same evening; and today at 6.30 p.m.

Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting a commentary by John Wallace on the Association Football match between Eastern and Kwong Wah at Caroline Hill Stadium.

Among the guests on "This Week" at 7.30 this evening will be Mr. F. J. Zoroli, MP, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, who arrived on Wednesday on his way to China, and the Chief Information Officer of the Food and Agricultural Organisation of the United Nations, Mr. George Mulver, who talks about the work of FAO.

The Critics—A new programme starting at nine o'clock on Sunday evening is "The Critics". For the next few weeks, the critics will mainly turn their attention to the Festival of the Arts, but they will also visit one newly released film each week.

Tomorrow the programme will take a slightly different form from future editions in that the critics, Mary Visick and Ronald Devereux, with their chairman, Tim Brinton, will pay a visit to the Exhibition Centre at the New Star Ferry Pier and comment on the various exhibits. The film they will go to see is "Mamela", starring Trevor Howard and Elsa Martinelli.

Wednesday Theatre—C.S. Forsberg's story "The African Queen" was turned into a very successful film, and a few months ago it was adapted for sound radio by John Keir Cross for the BBC and was successfully broadcast in Britain.

Next Wednesday, at 8.45 p.m., Radio Hongkong presents the BBC transcription of this play, which stars Celia Johnson, well-known in British films, as Rose Sayer, and Deryck Guyler, one of the foremost radio actors of today, as Charlie Allnut, the captain of the old river boat "The African Queen".

This must be one of the few full-length radio plays which have to be sustained almost entirely by two characters.

The Week's Music—A popular pianist with Hongkong audiences, Caroline Bragg, will be



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Sunday

- 8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, WEATHER REPORT, PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 8.15 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 8.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
- 8.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 9.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
- 9.15 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 9.20 ANNUAL CROSS HARBOUR RACE.
- 9.30 COMMENTARY on the start by Ted Thomas from Kowloon Railway Pier.
- 9.40 SUNDAY MORNING.
- 9.55 COMMENTARY on the finish of the race by John Wallace at Queen's Pier, assisted by Ted Thomas.
- 10.10 POPULAR DANCE ORCHESTRA.
- 10.30 MORNING PHON.
- 10.40 Symphony in C Major (Brahms).
- 10.50 Concerto in D Major (Brahms).
- 11.00 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 11.15 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 11.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
- 11.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 12.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
- 12.15 P.M. BOOKS THAT INFLUENCED ME IN YOUTH.
- 12.30 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 12.45 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
- 1.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
- 1.15 SINFONETTA OF VIENNA.
- 1.30 WEATHER REPORT.
- 1.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.55 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
- 2.00 HOLLYWOOD Bowl Symphony Orchestra.
- 2.15 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 2.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
- 2.45 HARRY DAVIDSON and his Orchestra.
- 3.00 LIFE WITH THE LYONS.
- 3.15 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 3.30 HOME AND HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
- 3.45 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 4.00 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.
- 4.15 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 4.30 CHILDREN'S STORY.
- 4.45 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 5.00 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 5.15 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 5.30 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 5.45 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 6.00 TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 6.15 "MELBOURNE FAIR."
- 6.30 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.

Monday

- 7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, OPENING MARCH.
- 7.15 THE HONORABLE STRINGS.
- 7.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
- 7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
- 7.55 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
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TUNG WAH HAVE QUITE A PROBLEM ON THEIR HANDS

FORGOTTEN STAR IS BACK

By DAVID JACK

When Len Browning, Sheffield United centre-forward, was stricken with chest trouble four years ago, he thought his footballing days were over. Now he's not so sure. Because Browning is back in football again.

Playing in the Yorkshire League for East End Park, Len has started his comeback season with four goals in four games. Now he is being suggested as a forgotten star in planning a return to League football.

Sheffield United manager Joe Mercer told me: "Len is offered at Bramall Lane playing in day-side matches, and if he did decide on a comeback, I think he's a good bet. United would be pleased."

Browning, who lives in Leeds, tells me: "The surgeon who operated on me said I'd be fit to play again, but other doctors believe I shouldn't try. If I'm fit for the Yorkshire League I ought to be fit for the Football League. The only problem really is the testimonial money I received when I retired."

More than £2,000 was raised at a benefit game for him. If Len succeeds in his attempt to get back into big-time soccer, his story will be almost a carbon copy of what happened to Bob Appleyard, Yorkshire's Test bowler. Appleyard, too, Browning and Appleyard shared the same hospital ward during their treatment.

Wanted Men

Neil Langman, Plymouth Argyle's transfer-listed centre-forward, has been asked to join Swindon. Torquay, Northampton, Crewe, or Wrexham... the clubs asking about him. Maybe Birmingham City will oblige. If Argyle want to cash in on players, they could pocket £20,000-plus for a half-half Johnny Williams and a half-half Reg Wyatt. Manager Jack Rowley tells me, however, "We want to get into the

Second Division. That's why we turned down a bid of £15,000 for Williams." Wyatt and Williams were both converted from inside-forward... a masterly move by manager Rowley. West Brom and Wolves would pay big money for them.

Southampton will part with Scottish inside-forward Tommy Mulgrew if they get a reasonable offer. Mulgrew was with Newcastle United.

Not So Odd

Travelston comedian Alan Young comes from California but he's one of Manchester United's keenest fans. Not so odd for an American to be interested in soccer. Alan runs his own team in Los Angeles... and his star player is Billy Steele.

Now that Stoke City have signed Stockport goalkeeper Arthur Barnard, they've lost interest in Dave McIntosh of Sheffield Wednesday. But Wednesday wouldn't stand in Dave's way if he got the chance of first team football with another club.

October 23 is date fixed for the opening of Leicester City's floodlights. Opponents are champions of Germany, Borussia (Dortmund). Oldham Athletic have made a move about Jeff Whitefoot, Manchester United wing-half. United boss Matt Busby is still not interested in parting.

Not Finished

Tommy Cahill, Barrow full-back, rated in the £10,000 class, is making a great effort to recover from ligament and



• **LEN BROWNING** the doctors said he should "never play again."

to be a Brentford amateur. I'm glad they missed him."

Stars Stay Now

Southend United have never held on to star players when big offers have been made—but I don't think that applies now.

Left-winger Johnny McGulgan is playing well enough to cause Newcastle United and Birmingham City to renew interest. But Southend boss Eddie Perry tells me: "We're trying to put Southend United on the football map—and we won't do that by selling our best players."

PAY-OFF: South-Western League club Bogle conceded 23 goals in their first four matches. I'm told they're not allowing their own trumpets about that record!

entails trouble. No wonder Barrow are annoyed at the premature announcement that Tommy has given up soccer. "He's been out since April—but he's not finished," I was told.

Moving Soon?

Exeter City goalkeeper George Hunter, who played for Celtic in the Scottish Cup Final at the age of 19, is likely to be on the move soon. Former Exeter manager Norman Dodgins says: "Somebody should snap him up quickly. Hunter is undoubtedly the best goalkeeper in the Third Division (South)."

Watford went in for youth recruitment two years ago, sorting out 16 likely lads for coaching. Now nine of the 16 have turned professional—an amazingly high percentage of success.

Pick of the bunch, according to manager Neil McInnes, is Vince McInnes, 18-year-old centre-half who is nearly six-foot. Says Neil: "Vince used

The Question Remains: Could Their Critics Have Done Better?

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

At the Club Stadium last Sunday, Tung Wah played their first game as a senior side. To put it mildly theirs was a most inglorious debut in the upper circle and it was very interesting later to hear something of the reaction among Chinese fans to their policy... but strangely enough Tung Wah are only undergoing an experience that it is common to football the world over where league football is played under the promotion and relegation system.

Every team that wins promotion to a higher sphere faces the great decision of whether to stand by the players who won the promotion or to go into the market and obtain new experienced players... experienced, that is, in the grade of football in which the team will have to play.

It is a very difficult decision to make and, generally speaking, the officials are on the thick end of a heavy stick no matter which way their decision goes.

If they decide to stand by their own players and later find that the new opposition is too good for them, they are immediately criticised for their lack of foresight and enterprise. If, on the other hand, they go out and collar a few big names and that too results in failure on the field then criticism is thrown at them on the basis of lack of loyalty to the men who fought their way to the promotion prize.

Already the tongue lashers are in action against Tung Wah: after only two games last Sunday only two looked anything like first class standard and unless the officials can do something to strengthen the side in the remaining positions they seem certain to suffer the "up-and-down" in a season, fate which the pessimists are already forecasting for them.

Let the hard-bitten critics give this new team a chance to find its feet... they may yet build the big things that were so confidently being forecast for them a couple of year-long weeks ago.

Of the other seven who made up the Tung Wah team last Sunday only two looked anything like first class standard and unless the officials can do something to strengthen the side in the remaining positions they seem certain to suffer the "up-and-down" in a season, fate which the pessimists are already forecasting for them.

It is ever so easy to offer criticism when the consequences of a decision do not have to be borne... and if confronted with the same situation as that which faced Tung Wah many of the people who are now offering so much adverse comment would very probably have done exactly the same.

Running a team in the First Division of the Colony League is an expensive affair and it is also true that the crowds who flock to the stadiums to see the big clubs in action are attracted by the glamour of the big name stars... or to put it in plain language... names are a box-office draw in Hong Kong football and Tung Wah obviously decided that quite apart from the added strength the name players would give to the side, they would also attract the paying fans to the grounds where the team happened to be in action.

Unfortunately a few 'names' in an otherwise poor team is bad team building and unless Tung Wah can find additional recruits for their senior side they will find their earlier enterprise has been wasted and they may even find themselves with a group of disillusioned and disinterested stars on their hands.

Oh yes, it is easy to be an "unofficial" and make hypothetical decisions for the poor harassed gentlemen who not only have to make everything on their own judgment but, and this is more important, stand by the consequences of their decisions.

Significant Features

One of the most significant features of the games played so far between European and Chinese sides has been the difference in attitude towards the police, holding and passing the ball.

I have now watched the Combined Services in their Charity match and the Army in two League games... and it was impossible not to compare the Chinese dictum that "possession is nine points of the football law" with the British boys' speculative style in which the long pass is exploited in the hope that it will find a suitably placed colleague.

Once a Chinese player has the ball he immediately looks for a nearby teammate and at the right moment pushes the ball accurately to him... AND MOVES INTO POSITION FOR THE RETURN PASS.

This is the modern conception of soccer accuracy. It was this inch-perfect passing that lifted the magnificent Hungarian national side of a few years ago to the top of the tree.

At one stage during the second half of the Sing Tao Army game on Thursday the Tigers produced several brilliant bouts of passing... and it didn't matter one bit to them whether the ball moved forward, backwards, or across. The great thing was that it had to go to the feet of another man in a yellow shirt. Just before the seventh Sing Tao goal the Tigers indulged in an interlude of passing in which the ball was played fifteen times—my colleague says it was sixteen—by a Tiger without an Army boot getting within striking distance of it. It was delightful stuff to watch. What is far more important, however, is that such tactics soon demoralise the opposition who chase shadows without getting even the satisfaction of a kick at the ball.

Poor By Comparison

The soldiers' speculative stuff looked poor by comparison. I believe this is one great lesson young British players can learn during their sojourn in Hong Kong. The necessity for the Chinese style has been partly forced upon the players by their lack of height and weight... but they have developed their art to a high level and they are proving conclusively that a short, gently hit pass, accurately delivered to a colleague, is better than the mighty shush which finds a waiting opponent.

SPORTS QUIZ

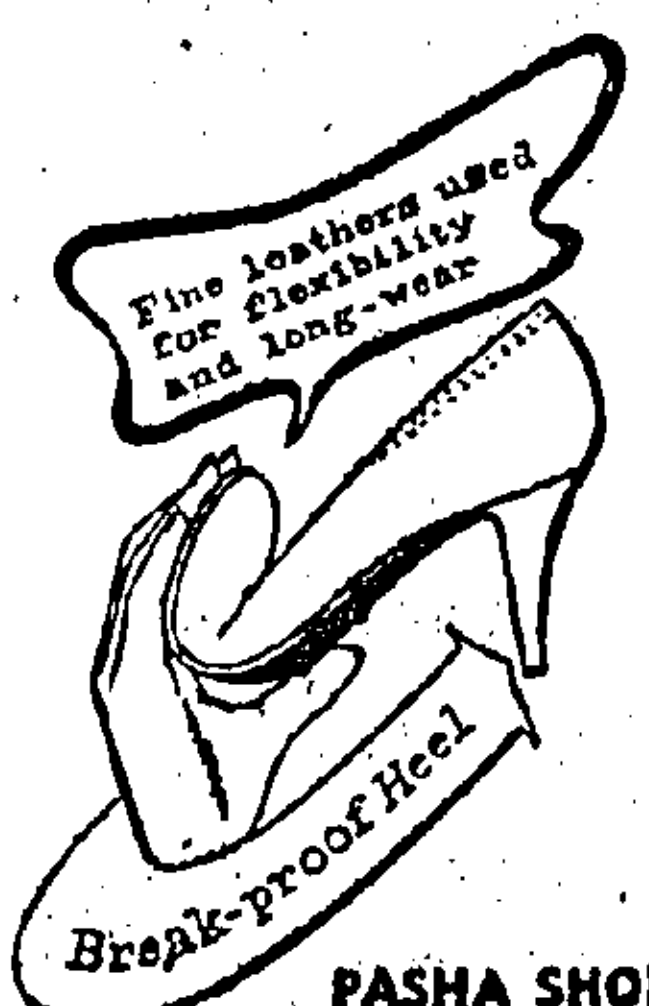
- 1 Tennis star Ken Rosewall has won all the world's major amateur singles titles except one. Which one did he miss?
- 2 Sugar Ray Robinson has had 140 fights. Has he been defeated two, six, ten or thirteen times?
- 3 With what sports do you associate—*a* Prince Birabongse, *b* Prince Hal, *c* Prince Obolensky.
- 4 How is a no-ball signalled in cricket?
- 5 As Crown Prince Olav, the new king of Norway once won an Olympic gold medal. In what sport?
- 6 Who is the present American Open Golf Champion?
- 7 What sport was provided with rules by the Marquess of Queensbury?
- 8 What do these abbreviations stand for: *a* B.M. L. MCC, *c* L.T.A.?
- 9 Who is vice-captain of the Australian cricket team on their present tour of South Africa?
- 10 What are the nationalities of these athletes—*a* Paavo Nurmi, *b* Sidney Wooderson, *c* Melvin Patton?

Answer See Page 17.



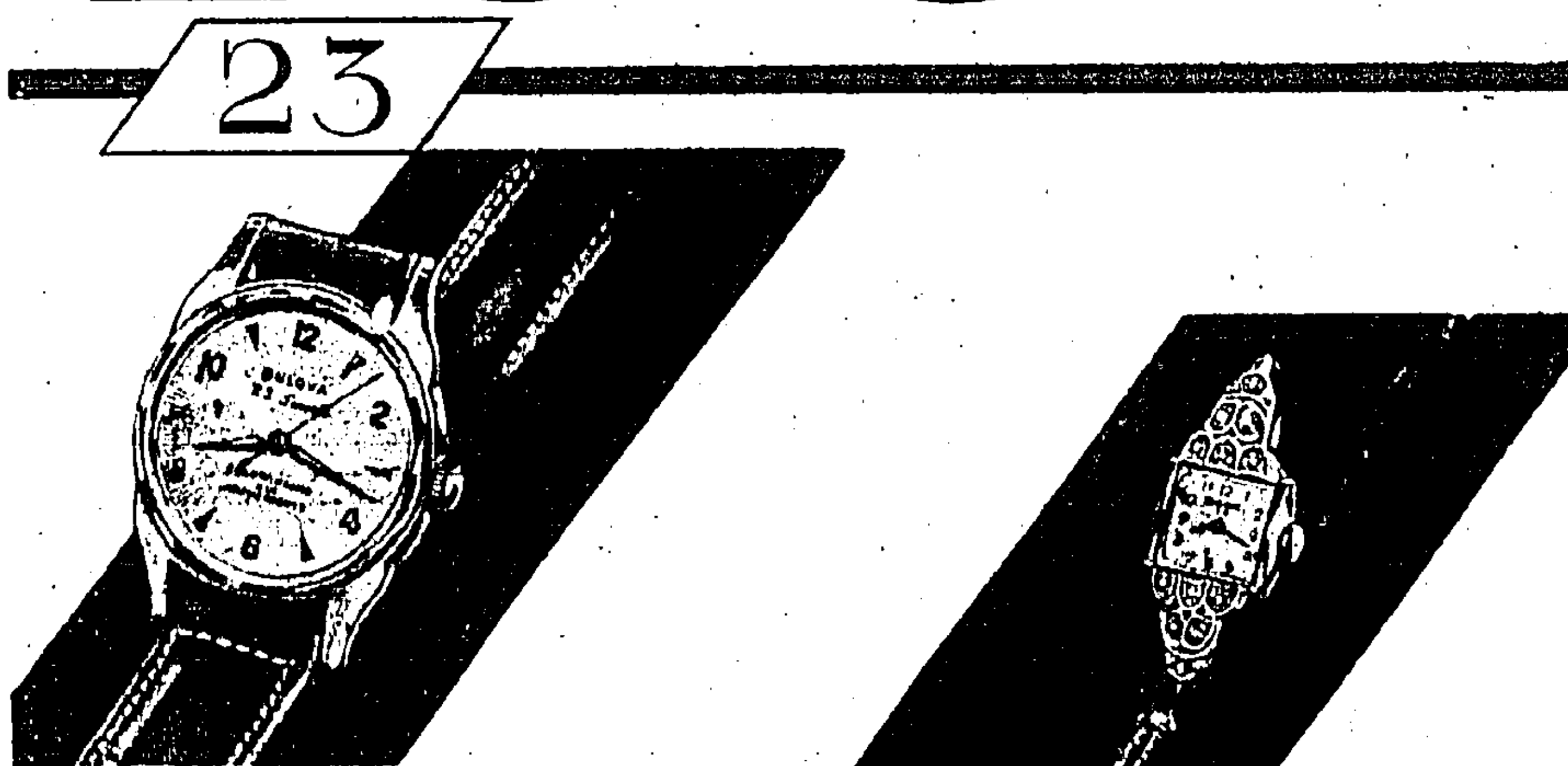
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SAINTS TAKE ON THE UNPREDICTABLE PANDAS IN TOMORROW'S BIG GAME

Jimmy Greaves Is No Longer One Of The Multitude In English Soccer Today

By DEREK JOHN

London.

A year ago Jimmy Greaves was one of the multitude in English soccer. Sixteen years old, he went to school during the day, sold newspapers in the evening, played football whenever he could. Today Jimmy Greaves is no longer one of a crowd. Among the millions that go to make up the soccer public of the home of football he stands almost alone. In those twelve months the newspaper boy has become a star.

Or, more exactly, in just one month. Before this season he was a hopeful youngster on the Chelsea ground staff. When he was included in the Chelsea first team in the first match of the season many fans thought that manager Ted Drake was rushing the lad too quickly.

"If a player is good enough he is old enough," declared Drake.

Greaves scored the winning goal against Tottenham, established his place in the Chelsea team, was picked for the England Under-23 side and now carries the hopes of the future of English football...

For in that Under-23 match, against Bulgaria, Greaves struck up an understanding with fellow inside-forward Johnny Haynes—another boy prodigy of five years ago—which had even cautious critics comparing their play to that of a Raich Carter and Wilf Mannion.

A Double Act

They turned on a double act which had the Bulgarians reeling. They scored goals, they scored goals, two each, against a side which massed in defence to keep their goal intact.

Trotting out the usual cautious clichés one can say that these are early days, that things can go wrong, etc. All very true, but on the evidence to hand one must admit that the Haynes-Greaves partnership can push English soccer right to the top.

I do not think that it will be long before we see it operating in a full international match. In fact I put the date at October 19, and the place Cardiff. That is the occasion of England's first match of the season, against Wales.

With the World Cup now very much with us—the final stages of the tournament take place in Sweden in June—England must get down to putting the final touches to her team building.

These final touches may see a complete re-thinking, with the Haynes-Greaves partnership as the keynote.

That would seem to be the advice of the Bulgarians. They tip England to win the World Cup. They do so not only on the strength of the Under-23 match, but taking into consideration, full and B team internationals against Russia and Hungary, two of the strongest European soccer countries.

Says coach Nako Chakmakov: "England's young players are much stronger than both these countries and their technical skill is brilliant."

What impressed the Bulgarians was the way the England players allied command of the ball to determined, aggressive finishing.

Fighting Fury

You've probably heard of a chap called Carmen Basilio.

You know him as the fighter whose granite jaw and fighting fury won him the world middleweight title from "Sugar" Ray Robinson in one of the most brutal battles in ring history.

Carmen Basilio is also one of the most gentle and devout boxers in ring history.

Maybe he leaves his gentleness behind when he goes into battle. But, robed and cowed like a monk, he takes his religion with him, crossing himself with his gloved hand before every round.

The most dramatic demonstration of his faith came at the end of the Robinson fight. The 39,000 crowd was going wild. Everybody was on his feet cheering. Basilio would have been excused a victory wave, even a cheer.

First, he dropped to one knee and prayed his thanks.

An after fight reflection: If the bout had been staged in England, Robinson would probably have got the verdict for his vastly superior boxing ability and perhaps on his classic left hand punching alone.

But in the fight trade these days, especially in America, "fight" is the key word.

Despite his years Robinson boxed well enough to win. His nominal standard he should have won. But he didn't. (It should be mentioned, however, that many, including the referee, thought he had.)

Followers of boxing's finer arts point to Archie Moore's win over Tony Anthony as vindication of the skilled craftsman's approach. But two years ago Moore showed just as much skill backed by just as much punching power, only to lose to the toughest rock of all—Marciano.

But to would-be tough guys who think that world titles are theirs for the taking I would give this warning: You've got to be tough beyond the limits of normal human strength—way beyond. Even then you can finish up an awful mess.

Skill Emphasis

If you want to become a boxer and don't want to get hurt, then go to Finland. The Finnish boxing authorities have just worked out a rule which is aimed to stop boxers doing each other harm.

It works this way. A knock-out punch does not necessarily win a man a fight. Should his

opponent have been ahead on points at the time then he is declared the winner. The idea is to put all the emphasis on skill.

I'm just waiting for the rule which says boxers mustn't hit each other.

At Wembley the other week Barry Briggs became the new World Speedway Champion, and was about the least excited man in the vast Empire Stadium.

Barry wasn't particularly keen about competing for in a nearby hospital lay his younger brother Maury, with a fractured skull. It was sustained in a practice ride earlier in the week.

The Ryder Cup match, at the Lindrick course, near Sheffield, on October 4 and 5, is a contest between the best golfers of Britain and the United States.

But Cary Middlecott won't be there, nor will Jimmy Demaret, nor even Sam Snead. For, like Britain, America bases team selection on a qualifying system. Middlecott and Demaret missed two qualifying matches.

So Middlecott's position as runner-up in the American Open, which followed his victory in the 1956 tournament, counts for nothing. Nor did Demaret's place near the top of the American golf averages.

Trouble is America has so many first class golfers that it is impossible to team up except on qualifying tournaments.

It's the same with athletics. So it came about that in the 1952 Wembley Games Harrison Dillard, who held the world record for the 110 Metres Hurdles, knocked a hurdle and failed to qualify in that event. So he entered for the 100 Metres, qualified and won an Olympic gold medal.

Britain's golf qualifying system means that the side will be without Tom Haliburton, who has been in great form this year but not last, when the qualifying period began.

As Britain does not have so many players to choose from the team will in future be chosen on a compromise system. The seven top players in the averages will be picked automatically, the remaining three will be form choices.

(London Express Service).

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The Ancients Should Hold A Slight Edge

Says "TIME OUT"

The perennial Softball Champions, St Joseph's, will be seen in action for the first time this season when they take on D. S. Ling's unpredictable Pandas at 3.30 p.m. tomorrow afternoon at King's Park. This encounter will take the spotlight in a full League programme over the week-end.

Other Senior games down for decision are the Warriors-Navy, and the CAA-Dodgers tilts, also scheduled for Sunday. The Juniors come in for their share of the diamond as two games will be played off this afternoon and one tomorrow morning.

Pandas, who were lucky enough to edge out South China last Sunday, will meet their first stiff hurdle in the ageing Saints. The Pandas will definitely have to play better ball than they did last week if they ever entertain the idea of defeating the Saints. Although the Saints are weakened at shortstop and second, they are still considered as slight favourites.

Pandas' manager Ling has obtained the signature of versatile Peter Michael Hann. Hann was formerly of the Warriors and though he has not been playing for the past few years, his presence in the

Pandas line-up will be effective. Starting pitcher for the Pandas will once again be Jackie Wei. Although Wei has slowed down a bit in recent years, he can still be counted on to give a credible performance. Assisting him at the other end will be peppy Raymond Tsao.

In the infield quartet, none other than Y. S. Liang will patrol the windy alley, lanky Harold Ong at first, Wally Ma at third and versatile Peter Hann at second.

Main Weakness

The Pandas' main weakness lies in the pastures. The trio consists of Lam Ping at left, S.S. Hsu at centre and lefty Frank Cheng at right. Unless pitcher Wei can halt the Saints' big guns, these three will be in for a royal time.

Southpaw A.R. Saleh will be teeing the mound for the Saints, with all-rounder Sherry Buckle calling the shots. The one and only Benny Omar will cover the hot-corner with Dave "Bambino" Leonard at first. Utility pitcher P.C. Wong will be seen in action at shortstop. How he will fare in this new position remains to be seen. Guarding the keyhole will be either A.K. Ismail or Jack Brown.

The outfield trio of this formidable team is sparked by last year's batting champion L.C. Poon, at centre. Poon is considered as one of the best fielders as well as one of the most dangerous batters in local softball. Menne Xavier will take over left and A.K. Ismail right.

Fans and players alike will be treated to a first class game with sufficient thrills and spills.

Now A Threat

Fred Diesta's P.I. Dodgers will also be seen in action for the first time when they tangle with the CAA XI at 11.30 a.m. tomorrow. With Vic Pedruco in the roster, the Dodgers are now considered a threat to the top-contending teams. If Pedruco will toe the mound, the Dodgers should have little or no trouble in putting away the very weak CAA. The Athletics gave a miserable performance last week and will have to dish up a new brand of ball if they intend to take this tussle.

Another team making their first appearance this season are Al Oliveira's Warriors. The Warriors tangle with the US Navy, once again represented by the USS Orcs,

at 1.30 p.m. The sailors are weak all round except possibly in the batting department.

Pitching Duties

The Warriors, however, will not be taking things too easy and shall field their best nine. Pitching duties will go to either "Goose" Wong or Sonny Machado. George "Juicy" Ribeiro will be calling the curves. Joey Reis will be seen at first, Tony Silva at second and Dick Chaves at third. It is rumoured that Stephen Xavier will not be available on Sunday and it is not known who will take his place at short should he not turn up.

In the outer gardens, two ex-Blackhawk's will be seen in action. They are Tony Rodriguez at centre and Jerry Remedios at right. Jimmy Chang will probably be at left.

The Warriors should take this tilt easily and use this game as a warm-up for next week's encounter with the Pandas.

Of the three Junior games scheduled for the HKU, Seminoles tussle should be the more evenly matched. The undergraduates make their debut in the minor league and whether they shall be considered as a threat to the Pennant remains only to be seen. The University has signed up ex-Blackhawk Manuel Nunes, having played for the Seminoles, is not eligible to play in the Juniors until the Council gives its approval.

No Trouble

The Seminoles will be without the services of first baseman Bernard Lee and catcher Peter D'Almada, but manager Ed. Carvahio will have no trouble in filling these gaps. The Seminoles, after having been defeated on the opening day, have practised hard and are ready to redeem themselves this week. The match is scheduled for Sunday at 10.00 a.m.

This afternoon, the miners dominate the diamond as two games will be played off. At 2.30 p.m. the War Eagles clash with Dave Cooper's Austers. The servicemen were very poor in the last two outings and Cooper will have to pull every trick in the bag to win this match. The War Eagles, with two years of experience, are a steeper and faster team.

At 4.00 p.m. the P.I. Dodgers meet the Wah Ying. Little is known of the Wah Ying and it is hard to forecast the outcome of this game. Diesta has been putting his Dodgers through their paces and at recent practices his boys seemed to be in good shape.

The game between the Comets and St Westleys has been postponed.



NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 2nd Race Meeting 1957/58 to be held on Saturday 19th and Monday 21st October, 1957, (weather permitting), may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 8th October, 1957.

By Order of the Stewards, A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

FIRST RACE MEETING

Saturday, 5th October, 1957

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES. The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and 362 Nathan Road, only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him. Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 2211).

The 5th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

ALL CASH SWEEP TICKETS dated 25th May 1957 for the 13th Race Meeting of the season 1956/57, which was subsequently abandoned, will be valid and will be drawn for at this Race Meeting, and for all intents and purposes the Cash Sweep tickets issued by the Club in respect thereof will apply as if the Cash Sweep Tickets were purchased for participation at this First Race Meeting of the season 1957/58, scheduled to be held on 5th October, 1957.

Through Cash Sweep Tickets for nine races excluding the last race of the day at \$18.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 6, D'Agulair Street during normal Office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets. The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap scheduled to be run on 19th October, 1957, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON "TORN" OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards, A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

THE GAMBOLS... by Barry Appleby



